

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 1, 1973

60 CENTS

BEST OF THE BEST

USC's Anthony Davis



These are some of the critical areas where last year's Continental

DRIVING EXCITEMENT



INTERIOR LUXURY



EASE OF DRIVING



The 1974 Continentals

Last year a nationwide survey by Opinion Research Corporation, Princeton, N.J., revealed that Continental owners were more satisfied with their car than were owners of the other leading luxury make.

In the survey, owners were asked to rate their own cars. While some areas were rated evenly, the survey showed that Continental owners were more completely satisfied in such critical areas as: interior quietness and luxury, qual-

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Lincoln Continental options shown include: luxury wheel covers, appearance protection group and vinyl roof. Continental Mark IV options shown include: speed

owners were more satisfied than owners of the other luxury car.

QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP



INTERIOR QUIETNESS



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Judge your car by our car.

Continental's will ride on steel-belted radial-ply tires: standard equipment.

The smooth, comfortable ride and ease of handling that characterize the Continentals will continue to be among the great achievements of the luxury car class.

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SPORT ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 141 North Park Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Executive Editor: James R. Shepler, President; Richard M. McKeown, Treasurer; Charles R. Best, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean: \$12.00 a year; outside the U.S. \$14.00 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

IT'S SHOWDOWN TIME in baseball, and William Leggett tells whom to keep an eye on in the pennant playoff, assuming that the run race in the National League East ever ends.

NO CHICKENS OF THE SEA, the giant tuna would not sit still for their portraits. But Aunt Stanley Melzoff did the chicken either. He plunged in after them, with dramatic results.

JERRY AULSO is his name, a.k.a. Jerry Lucas, and alpha-betizing in his game, as well as memorizing the phone book and playing basketball. A look at Luke by Jerry Kirshenbaum.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It may be a side effect of the jet age, or of satellite TV, or of increasing affluence in the world around, but we find important sports stories are more and more turning up in settings far removed from conventional venues, in out-of-the-way places the very names of which suggest elegance, style and excitement.

Last week it was Porto Cervo, the multimillion-dollar replica of a medieval Italian village created by the Aga Khan on the island of Sardinia, where

The Grand Prix circuit has long been one of the big glamour scenes in sports, even when a race is held here in the U.S.—as the season finale will be at Watkins Glen next week. The leading international drivers, eight of whom appear beginning on page 68, are an uncommonly cosmopolitan lot—as well they should be after starting off a few seasons by whipping around the streets of Monaco under the eyes of such as Princess Grace. To take their portraits, Neil Leifer had to put in time at the likes of Monte Carlo and Le Castellet.

The People's Republic of China is no heavy on royalty, but sports settings there can be unusual enough in their own proletarian way. In the second part of their report from China (page 42) Bill Johnson and Jerry Cooke tell of feeling almost deified as they sipped green tea in their best visiting-dignitary fashion at the "Swimming Village" where thousands of residents had jumped into the river to greet them.

Which leaves us with the U.S. contribution to international exotica: Houston and King-Riggs in the Astrodome. That fantastic exhibition could have been staged only in the U.S. and was typical of nothing else in the world of sport except perhaps a heavyweight championship fight. Genteel it was not—Howard Cosell decked out in dinner jacket notwithstanding. But somewhere along the line, as Curry Kirkpatrick makes clear (page 30), the trappings did fall away and what remained were two athletes flailing at each other as hard as they could, tired and sweaty.

In all this we have not forgotten hard-nosed sports and their traditional aspects. They are our franchise and our first love. And so in this issue you can also read about such things as the astounding Mets, the shocked Pirates, Anthony Davis of USC and the latest travails of poor Paul Dietzel. So goes sport in the jet age.



KELLY AND JENKINS AT SWISS OPEN

the One Ton Cup sailing races took place. This week Dan Jenkins introduces us to the European tour, the world of big-time golf as it is played on the Continent. The courses in Spain, France, Switzerland and Italy may not match a Firestone in quality, but in contrast to their Akron somehow looks like your local municipal layout. And oh my, the air is genteel and the promoters aristocratic. Constantine, the exiled ex-king of Greece, makes an appearance at tournaments. "The players hobnob with royalty," Jenkins says, "and there's always a party going on under some big old shade trees somewhere, with the waiters moving around with trays of champagne and caviar. No air conditioning. You just never find that sort of thing over here."

Sack Meyer

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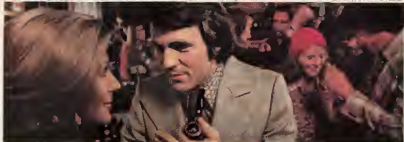
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AMERICAN EXPRESS

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

SCANDALOUS

The New York harness-racing scandal, which was announced with a flurry of subpoenas and staggering charges three weeks ago, has simmered down to a tea-pot-size tempest. If the charges are true, the quiet is distressing and we hope the investigators are sticking to their business. But if they are false, a lot of people have been irresponsibly smeared.

Leaks from federal investigations indicated that "almost all" superfecta races at three New York tracks between December 1972 and April 1973 had been fixed and that the fixers had made more than \$2 million. This would indicate that about 100 races over the four-month period had been tampered with, an astonishing accomplishment even for the most skillful of crooks. Such blanket fixing of races would be totally at variance with the normal hit-and-run pattern of fix attempts discovered in the past.

Apparently, the charge of fix was made after it was learned that an itinerant horsetrader was having unusual success betting the superfecta during the December-April period. A skillful handicapper, he was said to have boasted of his friendship with some of trotting's top drivers and trainers. Apparently, too, he was employing "ten percenters" to make his bets and cash his winning tickets. He was willing to pay them 10% of what they collected in order to spread his winnings around and avoid big income tax payments. This is illegal, and investigators looking into it also found instances of false ownership of horses and other serious irregularities. But thus far they have produced no concrete evidence of a fixed race. This seems a far cry from three weeks ago, when "almost all" superfectas were fixed. It also suggests that headline-seeking publicity is not the best way to uncover chicanery and catch crooks.

WORK ETHIC

More evidence that big-time college sport is essentially professional was disclosed when the Eastern College Athletic Con-

ference voted last week to put on a post-season basketball tournament beginning in 1975. The ECAC, parent conference of the Ivy League and other prestigious Eastern schools, is having financial problems and is adopting the tournament in order to raise money for operating expenses. The logic seems clear enough: the ECAC needs money and will use hired (that is to say, scholarship) athletes to raise it. The pleasant deception that big-time college players—only 16 of the 213 schools in the ECAC will be in the tournament—are really students is ignored, for studies are not a factor in this. Nor, for that matter, should they be. The prime reason why a scholarship athlete is in college is not to study but to play for the college. That's fine. What is wrong is the hypocrisy about it.

EMOTIONAL FEEDBACK

The telecast of the King-Riggs showup (it certainly wasn't a showdown) drew a huge audience, as ABC-TV gleefully reported almost as soon as Riggs jumped the net and began talking about a rematch. The overnight *Trendex*, as the tube people say, indicated that as many as 60 million people watched at least part of the fun. An estimated 22 million homes were tuned in. This is considerably fewer than the 26.7 million that had the Super Bowl on last January, but because of the far greater interest women had in the tennis match than in the football game it is reasonable to assume that more people were watching per home. So ABC is justified in boasting.

However, the network did not bother to take much public notice of the complaints that poured in. Quite a few people got fed up with the incessant and often pointless commentary of the nonstop mouths that were describing the event, and they were annoyed, too, with the way the cameras ran frantically around trying to get a shot of every actor and actress at ringside, even cutting away from the action on court to make sure all the hams were properly baked on camera

(much of it ABC's own ham; Blythe Danner and Ken Howard, for example, star on guess-what network). A cursory check revealed that ABC outlets in New York and Chicago, which reach 15% of ABC's entire audience, received almost 2,000 complaints during the show. Project this, the way TV loves to project other figures, and it means that more than 10,000 complaints were received across the country, which is a lot of booing.

Over to you, Howard. Or Rosie. Or whoever is hogging the mike and pointing the camera.

CASUS BELLI

Afraid this one is a bit awkward to write. Lot of nonsense, really. But, oh well. Gunther Pilz, a West German sociologist working at the Swiss federal college of physical education, argues that sports-writers have become warmongers. He says they (or we, if you insist) give sport greater significance than it deserves, create artificial sensations and advance the cause of nationalism.

"They turn their reporting into a manipulation of emotions, the kind of emo-



tions that make fanatics out of players and spectators and turn stadiums into battlefields. Sports events that ought to promote the friendship and integration of nations are converted into little wars, and these warlike sublimations get the upper hand, particularly when former enemies are involved.

"Sports reports not infrequently resemble cheap Wild West tales or medi-

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SCORECARD *continued*

eval epic. Events are managed to suit television, and stadiums are built with the same end in view. The more the mass media succeed in emotionally arousing players and spectators, the greater the danger of negative, aggressive reactions on the part of both."

Pitz, you have exactly 24 hours to apologize. If you don't, we attack.

20/20 VISION

Ever since Wilbur Wood of the Chicago White Sox won his 20th game this year and at about the same time showed that he was going to lose 20, too, people have been asking what other major league pitchers ever won 20 and lost 20 in the same season. Here, via Duff Wylie, the superstatistician from San Francisco, is the final word, complete with colorful nicknames. It was a fairly common occurrence before 1900. Wylie says, but in the 20th century the list is limited to:

Iron Man McGinnity	24-20 (1904)
Vic Willis	27-20 (1902)
Bill Dinneen	21-21 (1902)
Irv Young	20-21 (1905)
Wabash George Mullin	22-21 (1905)
Wabash George Mullin	21-20 (1907)
Death Valley Jim Scott	20-21 (1913)
Walter Johnson	25-20 (1916)

Win One Lose One Wilbur Wood is 60 years behind the times.

WILLIE FOREVER

A middle-aged man tried to explain what it was about Willie Mays that made him so special.

"I was one of the 25,000 people who paid their way into the Polo Grounds in New York City on the night of May 28, 1951. My father was another. Maybe he paid for me, maybe I paid for him. Whatever, we had lousy seats way back in the lower stands behind home plate, a little toward first base. We had gone to see the Giants play the Braves, and we were looking forward to seeing Willie Mays, who had come up from the Minneapolis Millers a few days before to join the Giants. We were not overly impressed by his credentials—the Giants had a record of bringing overblown phenoms to the majors—but we were curious because the Giants moved Bobby Thomson out of center field to make room for him, and Thomson was then the fastest man in the league. I suppose we wanted to see if Mays was real.

"Willie had gone 0 for 12 on three games in Philadelphia, but he was still

batting third that night of his debut in the Polo Grounds. Unhappily for Giant fans, Warren Spahn was pitching for Boston, Sheldon Jones for New York. In the top of the first inning the Braves scored three runs off Jones, which was depressing, considering how little the Giants were likely to do against Spahn. And when Warren briskly got rid of the first two batters to face him, indicating he had his stuff, we knew the game was over.

"Then Willie Mays stepped up and—I don't remember the count—but a tremendously high home run on top of the left field roof, and we pose, here! Giant fans were on our feet, roaring and yelling, shaking our fists exultantly. It remains in my memory as one of the most exciting home runs I ever saw, and I'm still not sure why. The Giants lost the game and Mays continued in his slump the way I for 26 before he finally began to hit, but the electricity, the tingle, the fun of Willie Mays began then. And for those who saw him in his great days, it will never stop."

NOTOWN SOUND

Back in the 1930s, Detroit called itself the city of champions. When a year or so, the Tigers won the World Series, the Lions won the National Football League championship, the Red Wings won hockey's Stanley Cup, and Joe Louis, who fought out of Detroit, was the best heavyweight boxer in the world, although not yet champion.

Nowadays, Detroit can call itself the city of losers, at least as far as the men who run pro teams there are concerned. Last November, Earl Lloyd was fired as coach of the basketball Pistons. In January, Joe Schmidt quit as coach of the Lions. In April, Johnny Wilson was fired as coach of the Red Wings. In September, Billy Martin was fired as manager of the Tigers.

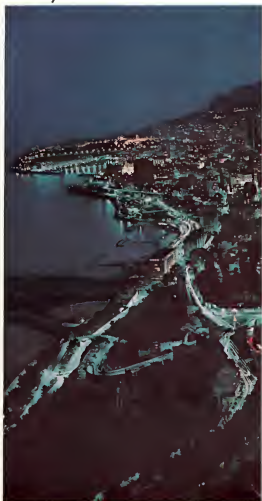
It's lucky Detroit doesn't have a heavyweight champion. He'd be knocked on his ear.

EUPHORIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK

George Sheehan, the running doctor, takes issue with physiologists who dismiss the concept of "second wind" as old-fashioned, a figment of the athlete's imagination. Recalling a description of the second wind as "an almost miraculous refreshment and renewal of vigor," Sheehan says it does exist and that as a

continued

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runner he experiences it almost daily. But you must lope along slowly at first, he says, like a primitive hunter off in search of his daily haunch of mastodon.

"If you start a training run at slow speed," he writes in his column in the Red Bank (N.J.) *Daily Register*, "keeping well within yourself, at about six minutes this feeling of being the complete runner will steal over you and possess you. The only external sign for me is a warm, pleasant sweat. Inside is euphoria and the confidence I could run all the way to New Brunswick."

Not content with personal evidence, Sheehan recalls research done on the renowned marathoner Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia in Tokyo during the 1964 Olympics. Along with other runners, Bikila was tested on a treadmill, on which he began running at an easy pace without a warmup. His heart rate and respiration rose gradually during the first few minutes and then leveled off. "And then suddenly," Sheehan writes, "at the three-minute mark (it was later for the less gifted) Bikila had a sharp drop in his pulse and breathing. He also began to sweat and his pulse pressure widened. He was in the perfect physical state for distance running.

"It's as simple as that. Easy and natural does it. You have to avoid rush and bustle and pushing and shoving, and put away impatience and force and speed, if you want to find your second wind. It takes the hunter's tireless trot to bag that elusive Pimpernel."

THEY SAID IT

- Henry Aaron, asked by a woman if he was the Home Run King: "No, Dave Johnson's upstairs in his room asleep."
- Rev. Richard Connelly, chaplain of the Cincinnati Bengals, giving the invocation at a luncheon: "This year, Our Lord, do not leave us at the two-minute warning."
- Edgar Chandler, New England Patriot linebacker, after O. J. Simpson rushed for 250 yards: "You go for something you think is there and all of a sudden you don't have anything. Nobody should gain that much."
- Roger McCluskey, on becoming the oldest USAC national driving champion at 43: "It is better than doing it at 44."
- Buzzie Bavasi, San Diego Padre president: "I get tired of hearing my ballplayers bellyache all the time. They should sit in the press box sometimes and watch themselves play."

END



yesterday



today

times change

In the era of gasoline-fueled camping appliances, there was no such thing as a multi-purpose unit. A stove was for cooking, a heater for heating, and the outdoorsman who took camping seriously took along everything but the kitchen sink.

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See the Traveler Convertible Propane Heater-Cooker by Zebco at your camping products dealer. And see the complete line of outstanding Traveler by Zebco propane appliances—stoves, heaters, lights—made for camping today.

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Can you set a fair and reasonable asking price? You don't want to ask too much and scare people away. Worse yet, you don't want to ask too little.

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If you love talking to strange people at strange hours, by all means sell your home yourself. Your newspaper ad is an open invitation for anyone who wants an excuse for a Sunday drive to pick up the phone and give you a call. At any hour of the day or night.

Some of them will even show up. At any hour of the day or night.

A Realtor solves these problems. First of all, he screens the prospects. He knows their needs, desires and financial situation. And he knows who is seriously looking for a new home and who is just looking.

Best of all, he shows your house only when it's convenient for you.

Best sellers.

Maybe you decide to sell your own home anyway. You know the needs and desires of your prospective buyers. And you know what to say, how to present your home to sell them. Right?

Wrong.

A Realtor is trained in the art of house salesmanship. (And it is an art.) His study of sales techniques has shown him how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind, how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out. After all, selling is what it's all about.

The great debate.

At last a prospective buyer makes you an offer. What happens if the offer is well below your asking price?

You're going to argue. You may win the argument and lose the sale or lose the argument and lose money. Either way you lose. As the owner, you'll discover it's pretty hard to bargain with a buyer objectively—to negotiate price, possession, things like that. Misunderstandings may crop up. And those small disagreements can spoil a sale.

When a Realtor helps sell your home, he takes on the difficult task of negotiation. He's sort of a go-between. And he's objective. He'll tell you when the buyer is right. And he'll tell you when to stick with your asking price.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over, or completely avoid, those sale-killing misunderstandings.

Avoid false alarms.

A would-be buyer doesn't do you much good unless he can lay his hands on enough money to pay for your home. But many buyers don't know how or where to get a mortgage.

Sell your home yourself, and there's not much you can do to help him.

But a Realtor knows just about all there is to know about financing. He works very closely with all kinds of financial institutions. He knows their methods and requirements.

Very simply, he can help your buyer find the money he needs to buy your house.

Little things mean a lot.

Selling a house involves many details. There are a hundred little things to be done.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through this tangle of details as painlessly and safely as possible.

In conclusion.

You may be wondering why Chicago Title Insurance Company cares about how you sell your home. After all, we're in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not selling it. It's just that after serving title needs for over 125 years, we've come to know how important Realtors are and how much they can help you.

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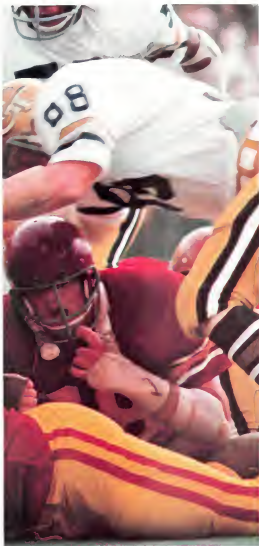
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 1, 1973

UNDEFEATED BUT



IMPROVING

That goes not only for USC, the national champion, but for Tailback Anthony Davis, the country's most electrifying running back by JOHN UNDERWOOD



Anthony Davis, who off his track record as a tailback had figured to be the most devastating piece of live action in college football this fall, did more to disconcert than to devastate Georgia Tech in the outdoor sauna of Grant Field last week. Davis has what his coaches at USC call "great field presence," the ability to see in a wink all obstacles in his way. What Davis saw through the heat waves shimmering off the AstroTurf in Atlanta was usually three or four Yellow Jackets breathing hotly on his sternum and whamming away at his vital processes.

The fact that Davis (*see cover*) still wound up the most productive runner in a game enthusiastically but imprecisely played by both sides and won going away by USC 23-6—the 19th straight without a loss for the National Champion Trojans—is immaterial. Seventy-one yards is no more than a flinger by Davis' full-cup standards. What was material in the moist aftermath of the contest, made much closer than expected by the heroes of the Tech defense (big underdogs often rise to play inspired defense; it is offense, requiring a greater finesse, that usually does them in), was this: that for all the special effects—the hairy stunts that committed their smallest linebackers to the gaps in their five-man front, the reckless pursuit of outside plays—which the Yellow Jackets successfully employed to get their hands on A.D.'s hide, they were not able to get under it.

He sat there in the steaming dressing room, calmly stripping away his gear, and said, no, he did not at all consider this

continued

Tech keyed its defenses on Davis, but he still managed to wriggle and crank for 71 yards.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.



Richard Wood is a defense all by himself.

a bad game for him, that "it was frustrating at times when there was no place to run, but there were some good times, too." He said that it was actually an improvement over the previous week against Arkansas, that for every extra stinger Tech had used to stop him there had to be a weak point somewhere else for USC to exploit. Which there was, and which USC did, belatedly.

And that was what USC came east for, Davis said. To win, not 50 to 0 as everyone had come to expect, just to win. There will, he said, be other days. Despite its eminence, this is a young USC team that is just gaining harmony, he explained. Eight of the 11 on offense did not start last year. The hottest licks are yet to come.

Anthony Davis will go on like that for an hour, if you want him to. As much as he talks, however, his voice never seems to get in the way of his hearing. He is one of those comforts that football coaches like to call a "coachable" player. This is not to say that John McKay's staff spends a lot of time advising A. D. on how to put one foot in front of another. Very few USC coaches ran for 1,191 yards last year or scored six touchdowns against Notre Dame, a day in the life of Anthony Davis that McKay recalls as the most sublime one-man ball-carrying parade ever put on.

Davis did all this as a 5'9", 185-pound sophomore, one built along the lines of Mike Garrett but split high to give him a stride even longer than O. J. Simpson's.

It is with these two former USC Heisman Trophy winners that Davis is naturally compared, but as Simpson says, the comparison is not valid. "Anthony," says O.J., "has a style all his own." When Davis runs his knees prance high and seem to pump from under him, like a comic drum major's, and when it is time to turn it on in heavy traffic his knees leap ahead at erratic angles as if governed by independent, conflicting wills.

McKay says Davis is an almost endless talent. He was not only an All-America football player but he played on USC's NCAA championship baseball team, batting .346. Last fall, while watching the placekickers work out, he remarked offhandedly to McKay, "I can do that." McKay said he would gladly let him try. Davis quickly demonstrated the strongest leg on the team. McKay has not used him to kick field goals or extra points yet, but he says he would not hesitate.

Best of all from a coach's standpoint, Anthony Davis thrives on discipline, or any reasonable facsimile. For example, McKay's only lecture to him on conduct occurred two years ago and was more or less centered on the merits of neatness. Davis became the neatest guy in town, a style setter with his tasteful collection of double knits and high-heeled patent-leather shoes, and hats with varying wing spans. He wears his hair neat and his face shaved. Though he is at times playfully magniloquent, and is now laterally famous for his knee dances in the end zone, he resists the image of a hot dog. He drives a blue-and-white Cadillac convertible but is quick to point out that it is not a new one. He says people who see him flash by and say, "Yeah, man, he's got the big head" really do not know him. He paid for the convertible working the whole summer at the Museum of Science and Industry, near the Coliseum. He is proud of his work there, and takes friends to show them the museum.

Another example, Davis is the oldest son of parents who worked hard to get him educated—his father in the post office, his mother in the Head Start program—but he was raised in a tough neighborhood in San Fernando and learned the ins and outs of street culture. He picked up a chevron on his right elbow in a knife fight. He was shot at by a man wielding a .45. He says many of his former buddies are doing five-to-10 or are "completely out of it" on drugs.

His reaction has been to go precisely the other way. His grades (as an urban affairs major) are good, almost a B average. He gives freely of his time to lecture kids on their responsibilities. He does not smoke or drink. "Maybe a little wine," he says, "but I don't even like the taste of beer."

At heart, Davis is a loner. He does not fit group molds and he does not seek the shelter of stereotypes. When everybody else was dropping out of the R.O.T.C. program, he was staying in—and loving it. Though he is famous teamwide for collecting good-looking girls, he says he will not let them distract him. "I tell 'em, 'Don't get in my way and I won't get in yours.'" He wants to be an All-America in both baseball and football.

Davis pictures himself as "a thinker like Coach McKay. I see him out there, always thinking, and that's the way I am. I don't know why." He is image-conscious. He was disturbed by some of the feedback received last January when he went to sleep at the wheel of his brother's car after a party and piled it into a utility pole. His Achilles tendon was sliced and his knee punctured. The wounds healed quickly, but a number of *izumidos* far more painful made the rounds. He got a letter from a man who charged him with setting a poor example for children. Davis saved the letter. "That man is going to be watching me the next two years," he said. "I'm going to make him eat those words."

And for a third and more immediate example, here now is Anthony Davis at his coachable best: in USC's first game this year against Arkansas, though he rushed for 96 yards, Davis was trapped for some stunningly long losses. He never made a coy move, but for three quarters he tap-danced, sometimes tap-dancing backward. The following Monday morning Davis was the first player into the offices of McKay's offensive coaches, John Robinson, Craig Fertig and Willie Brown. He was crestfallen. "What happened?" he wanted to know.

"You're trying to make every run a 90-yarder," he was told. "There's nothing wrong with a four-yard gain."

Davis pondered that the rest of the week, and by Saturday he was again sounding like a coach himself. "My style is to scratch and claw for every yard," he said before Georgia Tech. "If two yards are there, I'll take them and hope for more. I get like a psycho on the field,

man. I think of something that may have happened to me on the street somewhere and I make up my mind it's going to be me handing out the punishment. I didn't do that against Arkansas."

On the morning of the game, Davis barely touched his breakfast steak. "He's primed," Robinson said. "Worried just enough to be good."

In the subsequent face-off with Georgia Tech's swarming take-a-chance defense, Davis, in terms of yards gained, probably deserves credit for no more than a draw. Tech altered its basic set slightly to put the muddle guard in the gap on either side of the center and stunted its linebackers on almost every play, trying to get penetration. The play was successful more times than it was not, Davis often finding no running room at all. For every eight- or 10-yard gain he managed to squeeze out, there was a counteracting stackup at the line of scrimmage.

When USC tried to sweep wide the Tech linebackers stunted to the outside and the cornerback rotated and came up strong to support. In all, the Jackets, though a smaller team, did a remarkable job of confusing and containing Davis and his alternate, Rod McNeill, more or less taking turns in the heat, were held to 137 yards rushing.

But to play Davis so cozily by necessity opened other avenues. On kickoffs Tech Coach Bill Fulcher—"scared to death" Davis would get his hands on the ball—made it impossible by ordering his kicker to present USC with chip shots that fell far short of A.D. "I'm smart enough not to try to challenge him," Fulcher said. As a penalty, however, USC invariably was given good field position. And so it went.

Typically, McKay got another breath-taking performance out of his massive defense, including three interceptions of Jim Stevens' passes by Safety Artimus Parker and solid work from that imposing middle linebacker, Richard Wood. When the day was over, the Trojans were yet to have a touchdown scored on them this season.

Meanwhile, the USC offense stammered around for most of the first half trying to find its voice. It came full-throat in the person of Lynn Swann, the artful flanker back who McKay says is his version of a Johnny Rodgers. Swann is one-third of the three-man battery of Quarterback Pat Haden to receivers Jake

McKay, the coach's son, and himself. Jake McKay is Haden's old high school buddy, and they kid Swann all the time that he will never make All-America because Haden will cut his third out of the line. Swann says he'll make it without 'em since he also returns punts.

Late in the first quarter of a scoreless game Swann fielded a punt at midfield. Against Arkansas he had two long touchdown runs called back, but obviously he had not forgotten how. He cut to his left, then angled back right, then back left again. Suddenly he was into an alley of bumps and nudges that served as blocks. He made six distinct swerves—not cuts, just angling turns—the way schooling fish advance, and the only man who hit him on his way to the end zone was a USC blocker who did not move fast enough.

Then, just before the half, Haden broke down and threw one to Swann, 15 yards into the end zone where Swann had beaten Tech's star safety, Randy Rhyno, by half a step. That made it 14-3 and diminished the threat of an upset. The teams swapped field goals in the second half and finally Haden began taking a better look at Tech's gambling defense, getting the ball to Jake McKay behind the rotation. McKay caught one a hair

beyond the end zone, which does not count, and then one that did count while floating 10 yards beyond the suckered Tech defense. That finished Tech.

But as with the Arkansas game, it was not a clean kill. The USC offense is still trying to find some consistency against the slugs of its own mistakes—holding, motion, off-sides—and the inexperience of its linemen, and if it is still rounding into form it better do it quickly because this week Oklahoma comes to Los Angeles.

While winner McKay was parrying questions that sounded suspiciously like the why-aren't-you-winning-50-to-0 type, loser Fulcher was praising his own team's gutsy performance. He said he sought out Anthony Davis on the field when the game was over. "I told him how much I admired him," Fulcher said. "He's an amazing human being. A real thoroughbred."

McKay, meanwhile, accepted a thrust on the health and happiness of A.D.—"Aren't you worried about him after two weeks of having to settle for less than 100 yards?"

"No," said McKay. "Last year after two games he had a total of only 56 yards. Anthony Davis is the least of my worries."

END



Davis is not the only Trojan who can do the A-goodby, as Lynn Swann shows baffled Tech.

ALL EYES ON THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

*The swing was to New York's astonishing
Mets in a week of wonders, but they still
had only a precarious hold over the abyss*

by RON FIMRITE



In the mysterious National League East, where avoiding the pit is synonymous with scaling the heights and where winning half the time represents the pinnacle of human achievement, the victor examines his spoils tentatively. "Well, that certainly looks like first place, doesn't it? I wonder if it will bite."

This wariness of success would seem to explain the bemused expression on Manager Yogi Berra's granitic countenance when his New York Mets reached both first place in the NL East and a .500 winning percentage on one enchanted evening last week in Shea Stadium. He looked for all the world like a man awakening in a strange boudoir.

It was no time, obviously, to preen for those skeptics who had his team dead and him buried by midseason, nor could he afford the luxury of hobnobbing with new fair-weather friends. Berra simply

was not all that sure where he was or how, for that matter, he got there.

"It's been a long, hard struggle," he conceded uncertainly, "but we won't know until it's all over."

We certainly will not, for Berra's team is in a race that falls not so much to the swiftest as to the one who keeps his feet. First place is not all that precious in the NL East; it is worth no more than about fourth place in the NL West. But those competing for it have had an inordinately hard time getting to it and even more trouble hanging on to it.

Melodramatically, this would have been a perfectly rewarding season if, for example, the Cardinals, abject losers at the start, gallant comeback kids in the middle, had been able to stay on top once they finally got there. But vertigo set in and they tottered over the side. It might even have been acceptable if the

Pirates, monotonously consistent winners though they have been, had overcome their dreadful pitching handicap and stayed upstairs. But they, too, tumbled down. And it will be fine if the Mets, recalling for incurably nostalgic New Yorkers the good old days of 1969, can hold the high ground. But they may also prove acrophobic.

The Mets do have one attribute the others seem to lack: they believe in miracles. And well they should, for they had their share of them last week in winning four straight games from the Pirates and supplanting them as the ephemeral league leaders.

On Thursday night, in a game that may have surpassed any played this season for prolonged suspense, the Pirates appeared to be a winner in the 13th inning when, with two out and their Richie Zisk on first base, Dave Augustine hit a

Wary of ambush, Manager Yogi Berra refused to float over feasts by such Mets as Wayne Garrett, here hitting game-winning home run.

drive deep toward the left-field bullpen.

Zisk, running with the pitch, looked certain to score as the ball struck the edge of a wooden plank that serves as the very top of the eight-foot fence. It hit so high, in fact, that there seemed every possibility it would bounce over and out and give the Pirates a 5-3 lead and almost surely the game.

But the ball not only stayed in the park, it caromed off the top of the fence and plopped, as if tossed there by unseen hands, into the glove of an astounded Cleon Jones. Barely pausing to see if it was indeed a ball he had there or perhaps a beer cup pitched from the upper deck, Jones wheeled and threw to cutoff man Wayne Garrett. Third base is Garrett's position, but he had moved to shortstop in the late innings as a replacement for Bud Harrelson. By his own postgame admission, cutoff throws are as foreign to him this year as, say, place-kicks, but the one he delivered this night was true and on the bounce to Catcher Ron Hodges, and Zisk was clearly out.

It was an extraordinary play. Balls do not normally bounce off Shea Stadium fences directly into the hands of outfielders, and third basemen playing shortstop do not ordinarily make cutoff throws of such exquisite precision. But this was not an ordinary game, and in the Mets' half of the inning, Hodges, himself a late-inning substitute for regular Catcher Jerry Grote, singled home the winning run. This was something of a coincidence, since the tying run had been driven in by yet another substitute catcher, Duffy Dyer, with a pinch-hit double—with two out in the ninth inning.

The first-stringer, Grote, had his innings the following evening in the 10-2 win that routed the Pirates and hosted the Mets up to first. Grote went 3 for 3, including a double that struck the third-base bag and bounced crazily into foul territory and a ground ball single that hit something odd on the field and hopped over the glove of Pirate Shortstop Dal Maxvill.

Miracles? Perhaps, but only the Mets' due, according to Garrett, whose red hair, freckles and amused blue eyes suggest a familiarity with leprechauns.

"When we were 12 games back [in

continued



July], I tell you, nothing went right," said he after Friday night's legdermain. "We had one injury after another and were playing with half a team. We had no depth. You can't make the right moves without depth. The balls that are bouncing for us now were bouncing the other way then. Now we've got everybody back and things are going our way. When you're playing good the umpires give you the calls and things happen, like tonight with Grote."

Garrett made some things happen the next day by stroking a two-run homer that was decisive in Jon Matlack's 2-0 shutout over the Cardinals. This combination of timely hitting, good pitching and the occult is what the Mets are banking on to see them through the last critical games of the season.

"We won't bomb you," said the oft-injured shortstop, Harrelson, with laudable candor. "We have to get the key hits. Now we're winning the gift games, games in which the other guy makes a mistake and we do something about it. We have had both good times and bad this season, but that's all part of the game. A true professional realizes that he'll go good for a while, then bad. But when things go bad, the important thing is to stay sane and hang in there. That's professionalism."

Berra, the once-beloated manager, would subscribe to this homely philosophy. When his team was floundering pitifully in last place it was rumored that he would be quickly cashed, perhaps before the end of the season. His tactics, it was said, were unimaginative, his leadership uninspired. Besides, he seemed incapable of achieving a *déjà vu* with the team's resident immortal, the increasingly crotchety Willie Mays. Apparently Berra, who had no previous reputation for scholarship, learned much in the past two months, for now his tactics seem positively Clausewitzian, his players are performing as if possessed and Mays has tastefully, if ambivalently, retired (he has said he would like to play in the last game of the season and in the World Series). But Berra is not the sort to savor vindication out loud.

"I don't care about criticism," he said in Friday's moment of tentative triumph. "I just do the best I can. You know what they say: every manager is hired to be fired. Oh, I could feel bad if we had been

losing with a full ball club. Then I'd have said there's something wrong here and maybe it's me. But we had a lot of injuries then."

He cut himself a slice of pepperoni and devoured it in concert with a hunk of Swiss cheese. Then he leaned back in his chair, adjusted the incongruous spectacles on his melancholy rock-formation face and recalled an inspired psychological play.

"It wasn't a team meeting or anything like that, but I did bring a newspaper story around to the players that said we'd given up. 'Look,' I told the guys, 'you stink. It says so right here in the paper. It says you guys don't wanna play no more.' I don't think anybody wants to hear that. That was about August 17. We've been 24 and 12 since then. I'm not saying that helped turn things around, but nobody wants to hear that he don't wanna play no more."

There is no longer any doubt that the Mets wanna play. "Every day when I wake up in the morning," says young Hodges. "I think about how I can't wait to get to the ball park." But if they are to win the division championship, they will do it with pitching. And here, with starters Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, George Stone and Matlack, they have a clear advantage over their four rivals.

"The season is so cotton-picking long," said Seaver, issuing a fraternity-beer-bust guffaw, "that anything can happen if the pitching stays strong. The number of runs you get should have no effect on your pitching. The pitcher's philosophy is to do the best he can every time out. This is a good division with a lot of good clubs that have played poorly all year long. Now it's getting exciting. I'm just glad I'm in my seventh year, not my first, so I can keep my feet on the ground." He laughed again, a good old USC undergraduate laugh.

On Friday Seaver pitched before the biggest crowd of the Mets' season, 51,381 paid, and the "We're No. 1" chants, the paper airplane tossing, the dancing on the dugout roof, the relentless din were all reminiscent of the Mets' first miracle four years ago when, as Seaver put it, "It was like this every day." The fans, at least, were rounding into pennant-winning form.

But the Met fans were not alone. There was the same frenzy in, of all places, Montreal, before the Expos staggered last week into what may finally prove to be a fatal seven-game losing streak. Like the Mets ahead of them, the Expos did not so much surge forward as hold their place in the race as the front-runners fell back. Then when they were within a game

Raising dust in Montreal, Card Mike Tyson slides safely into high-handed Scrap Ivan Stinson.



of the lead, they fell prey to the success-itis that is epidemic in the NL East. Unlike the Cubs, the Cardinals and the Pirates, they did not even wait until they got on top before starting their descent. Fortunately, their losing streak before the weekend coincided nicely with the rout of the Pirates, so there was more of a missed opportunity than a bona fide disaster. Anyway, losing is no disgrace in this division.

Montreal's devoted fans have been more than generous with losing baseball teams. The Expos have never drawn fewer than a million fans in their five years in Canada, despite two last-place, two fifth-place and who-knows-what-place-this-year finishes. And they play in the major league's smallest stadium, 28,000-seat Jarry Park.

"It's a good feeling hearing the fans cheer their heads off," says Ron Fairly, the Expo leftfielder who, at 33 and with 16 years of major league experience, might be expected to rise above rah-rah. "Anyone who has ever been in front of a large audience will certainly have a reaction. When you come to Jarry Park, there's not much to look at. Other cities have these huge multipurpose stadiums. Here there is no double deck, the seats are aluminum and there is no protection from the weather. But it's a

fun little park and it's filled with the best fans in baseball."

The fans were credited with actually winning one game last week for the home team when a pop fly with two out in the last of the ninth fell untouched by the Cardinal infielders. "Nobody called for it," said Fairly, "or if they called, nobody could hear above the crowd noise."

If the Expos had been merely received with Gallic courtesy in the past, this year they have been embraced with Gallia passion. There was honest mourning throughout the city, particularly in taverns such as Toe Blake's and the Rymark, when the team faltered last week. Hockey may be a religion in French Canada, but baseball there has a long and honored tradition. Montreal had a franchise in the International League before the turn of the century, and in the post-war 1940s some of the finest minor league baseball teams in history played there. Jackie Robinson made his debut in organized baseball with the Montreal Royals, then a Brooklyn Dodger Triple A farm team, on April 18, 1946. He hit a home run and three singles in five at bats.

Many of the Dodger stars of the late '40s and early '50s—Duke Snider, Carl Erskine, Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella—played for the Royals. Sparky Anderson also played in Montreal and

Walter Alston managed there. "This has always been a great baseball town," says Phil Seguin, a sportswriter for the French-language *Montreal-Matin* who has covered the game there for 35 years. "It still is."

True enough, but will it not be too chilly to play night games there in mid-October should the Expos muddle through to the World Series? Not at all, says Expos Manager Gene Mauch. "Sometimes you get an Indian summer here that time of year. The weather could be a lot better than it might be in places like Detroit and Minnesota." The weather question seemed somehow academic, however, after the Expos' stumble. And yet anything is possible in a division that may send a team with a losing record into the National League playoffs and—who knows?—the World Series itself.

The intrepid managers of the NL East are not even remotely agitated by the prospect of leading a loser into combat with the American League champion. Getting there is the thing.

"I would not be embarrassed," said Mauch, speaking for his fellows, "even if I had to take the field with no clothes on."

Now that is putting admirable faith not only in his players but, most especially, in those Indian summers. **END**

Kicking spikes at St. Louis' Ted Simmons, Expo pinch-runner Papa Fries is a menacing figure, but he is also ast.





THERE SHE IS, Ms. AMERICA

Representing your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free—Billie Jean King put down that chauvinist, Bobby Riggs, in a production worthy of Bernum

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Billie Jean entered the Astrodome like the queen of a beauty pageant, then put her backhand to work in kingly fashion (apposelle).



He began as a cocky, clowning, relay heater, but at the end he was just a tired old man.

King's shocking 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 victory over Riggs took on all the conflicting tones of a political convention, championship prizefight, rock festival, tent revival, town meeting, Super Bowl and sick joke, what the match finally got down to was a dazzling clinical exhibition of tennis by Billie Jean.

She both first-served aggressively and attacked Riggs' own softball deliveries with authority. She rushed to the net and commanded the territory by whipping stunning volleys off her backhand and by taking Riggs' infamous moon-shot lobs out of the Dome lights and rifling overheads right back past him.

She varied pace on ground strokes, kept Riggs moving from corner to corner and played consistently to his weak backhand. She concentrated on hitting behind her opponent, wrong-footing him time and time again, then surprising him

continued

At this point in time it is perfectly clear that what this country needs is a tennis match between a baboon and a cucumber. We have handled man vs. woman now, twice, with considerable grace and style. It is time to move on to the biggies.

For example, as accompaniment to Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs right there on the floor of the Astrodome, America's Indoor Taste City, the temptation must have been to avoid decency and present us with all manner of tacky stuff: dwarfs singing at the champagne bar, Liberace riding in a Naugahyde Skylab.

But no. All Promoter Jerry Perenchio displayed in front of 30,472 people live, and a few dozen more watching around the world, was King-Riggs straight up, Riggs-King unadorned; Billie Jean against Robert Larimore for \$100,000 winner take all.

Of course, there were the obligatory band musicians by the hundreds, dancing girls by the thousands; hardhats and hippies, libbers and lobbies, chauvinists and charlatans; handsome gladiators with no underwear, nubile maidens with no underwear; aliens dressed up in tux-

edos, local gentry dressed up as skunks and elephants; zillions of celebs ranging from out-of-work Tarzans to out-of-work Monkees; trillions of dollars, including basic and ancillary; television, radio and closed-circuit theater; a man with two horns sticking out of his head, a woman with a diamond-encrusted cross dangling around her neck, a banner from Oconomowoc, Wis., an all-week caramel sucker (gift from Riggs to King that she said she would donate to an orphanage), a live pig with a pink bow (King to Riggs) and a grand entrance by the two of them—she borne aloft on an Egyptian litter, he propped into a Chinese rickshaw—that should have been directed by Fellini and scored by Handel.

Nevertheless, what kind of happening can it be when Eva Gabor skips it just to get married again? How big a sporting event can it be when Richard Nixon doesn't even telephone? What in the world kind of occasion was this in which the woman not only defeated the man but swamped him; outplayed, out-classed, outpsyched, outnerved and beat the living bejeezus out of him as well. Perhaps it was something like life. Or death.

Though the atmosphere surrounding



with some of his own beloved spin garbage. Everything worked.

Eventually, King's aggressive play dictated the tempo completely and forced Riggs to hit the ball harder than he likes. Now he had to match her net play, her speed and movement. He had to abandon his kot bag of dump shots and chicanery and hope to prevail in a contest of sheer athletic warfare. In such a confrontation no 55-year-old man holds much hope against Billie Jean King. As Riggs was to say later, "She played within herself all night. She was never extended. The girl was all over me the whole time. I didn't know Billie Jean was so quick."

On King's part it was a brilliant rising to an occasion, a clutch performance under the most trying of circumstances. Seldom has there been a more classic example of a skilled athlete performing at peak efficiency in the most important moment of her life.

Because of Billie Jean alone, who was representing a sex supposedly unequipped for such things, what began as a huckster's hustle in defiance of serious athleticism ended up not mocking the game of tennis but honoring it. This night King was both a shining piece of show biz and the essence of what sport is all about.

Since Matches of the Century or Battles Between the Sexes only come around every four months or so, it is necessary to get a fix on one quickly. This one is easy. The fact that Billie Jean thrashed Bobby no more means that women are bolder, stronger and more likely to become a different type of creature now than Riggs' massacre of Margaret Court on Mother's Day meant that they were enfeebled and representative of the earth's inadequacy.

Even before the match, spokesmen for the Virginia Slims circuit downplayed the importance of victory. "No matter the outcome, neither women's tennis nor the movement will be hurt," said Ted Tintin, the London designer who created King's "minthol green and Italian sky blue" ensemble. "If she loses, nothing will change."

"Right," said Gladys Heldman, founder of the women's tour. "What do we get if Billie Jean wins, 30 Senators?"

Afterward, even King seemed bothered by reference to anything more cosmic than women's tennis. "This is the culmination of 19 years of work," she

said. "Since the time they wouldn't let me be in a picture because I didn't have on a tennis skirt, I've wanted to change the game around. Now it's here. But why should there be a rematch? Why any more sex tennis? Women have enough problems getting to compete against each other at the high school and college levels. Their programs are terribly weak. Why do we have to worry about men?"

From the moment King arrived in town she had looked amply worned. She set about a stringent program geared to night play and concentration. She went to bed late, woke up late and turned down "about 2,000" interviews. She lacked her spontaneous warmth and good humor. She withdrew inwardly. Zealously shielded by her secretary, Marilyn Burnett, a former Beverly Hills haircutter who at times literally threw her own wispy body between King and the onrushing media, Billie Jean went through the motions of winning two matches in the Slims' Houston tournament and began practice sessions inside a large plastic "Bubble" erected in the Astrodom parking lot.

The Bubble, containing the Sportface surface that was to be used for the match, took on all the earmarks of a fighter's training camp. King would work out first in the evening, hitting with Pete Collins, a teaching pro from Hilton Head Island, S.C. Then Riggs would arrive with his touring medicine show featuring sons, relatives, land developers, starlet-models, and Bobby's favorite nutrition specialist, Rheo Blair, whose yellow José Greco bell sleeves rippled in the breeze and whose suitcase of vitamin pills shimmered like a rainbow.

Spectators were charged \$5 to sit inside the Bubble, watch the workouts, guess which celebrities were on hand (former Monkees singer Mickey Dolenz was the most notable—it was that kind of a Bubble) and freeze to death in the air conditioning.

There was much concern that Billie Jean was not practicing enough against soft junk, but Collins kept winking and saying she'd be there, lending credence to the suspicion that for the 10 days King was in Hilton Head she was not contracting hypoglycemia or hepatitis or cancer at all but practicing lobs against duck-walking Tibetan trolls.

One evening while Marilyn the Secretary held off autograph hounds by passing out white cards with King's name pre-signed in turquoise ink, Billie Jean's

father, Bill Moffitt, expounded on the enemy.

"Australian girls aren't like American girls," he said. "Sissy Bug will murder this Riggs. No way you beat a good player with tracks. If he gets personal, I'll punch him out. He ought to write a book, *I Fed Three Wives*. I hope Sissy shuts him up good. He's done nothing for the game. If it weren't for women, where would he be? Sissy will kill him, bet you five."

Meanwhile Riggs, who had coined himself into this windfall, may have been promoting himself out of it. Unlike his first sex match at quaint Ramona, Calif., where he trained judiciously, practiced hard and got plenty of sleep, Houston was a binge. When Riggs came to Texas on Sept. 9 he was off booze entirely, but his itinerary included trips to Beaumont and San Antonio to drum up ticket sales. He scheduled appearances on radio and TV, visits to bookstores and cocktail parties and practices in the Bubble where he hustled games against three and four local challengers every night.

He hustled Congressman Bill Archer and heart surgeon Dr. Denton Cooley and a stockbroker who brought his own cheerleaders and a 13-year-old kid. He even hustled Billie Jean's husband, Larry King, spotting him four games and winning 6-4.

Following the matches he would conduct mass interviews with the public, sometimes encountering rough questioning, such as that of one girl with a tape recorder from Fondren Junior High.

Girl: "Are you afraid to play men?" Riggs: "Who brought you, little girl?"

All the while Riggs spied for Hai Karate after-shave and Sugar Daddy suckers. He flaunted a shirt with two holes cut out of the chest. And he kept quoting from a song, "Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed." But the preparation for the biggest night of his life left Bobby Riggs grumpy, hungry and worn out.

"He thinks this is such a lock, he can beat her at half-speed," admitted Lorne Kuhle, Riggs' trainer, at one point. "I think he's right, but..."

Riggs himself contemplated the outcome as follows. "I'm taking so many pills I must have a glass stomach. Billie Jean's barking that I'm not in shape and not serious enough and she may be right. But I saw the girls at Wimbledon and they were so bad it confused me. I know I can play my game. The question is can

continued

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1974 Gran Torino Brougham shown with optional deluxe bumper group, electric rear window defroster and convenience group.

she play up to her ability under the pressure? Can she stay loose, hit out, be great on the tough points and win? I don't believe it. She'll fold. I make me a 17-point favorite."

The day of the match dawned with all sorts of wonderful rumors: Larry and Billie Jean were getting a divorce. An Arabian sheik with a harem of 60 was flying in from Kuwait. Helen Reddy would sing at courtide. Sinatra was coming. Stenand was coming. Duke Wayne was coming.

That evening the reactions of the protagonists during their magnificently grotesque entrances foretold all. As Billie Jean rode above the multitudes, laughing and waving, she spotted actress Jo Ann Plugg going fairly berserk just below.

"How do you like it?" shouted Plugg.

"I love it," shrieked Billie Jean.

Minutes later, surrounded by all of Bobby's Bosom Buddies and half the cameras in the Western world, Riggs arrived. He was not laughing, not even smiling. "How's it going?" he muttered to nobody. "Where is she?" Bobby Riggs was actually tight, nervous, grim. He did not look like he loved it anymore.

Probably his fate flashed before Riggs sometime during the fourth game of the opening set. Serving at 15-all, he hit every shot in his cotton arsenal yet King kept coming on. Back and forth they went, huffing and running on both sides for about nine exchanges. Then King hit a backhand wide and Riggs waddled across the sideline, breathed heavily and smiled down at the floor. The peych was over and he knew it. Now it was tennis only, and he was in against a champion 26 years his junior.

Riggs broke King's service three times, once in each set, but every time she broke back in the following game. King won the first set when Riggs double-faulted at set point. She served a love game to win the second. At 4-2 in the third, Riggs took an "injury break" for hand cramps, he gulped pills and water and tried to get wind or new legs or a Sugar Daddy. Something, anything. But it was all over.

On the third match point—with most of the women jumping up and down in glee, most of the men morose and silent, with the gift pig fast asleep beside the court—an eerie wail came from out of the crowd. "Close him out, Sissy. Close him out."

Billie Jean Moffitt King did. Sissy closed all the pigs out.

END



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ego on a telecast from Washington that the measure, now Public Law 93-107, had made possible. Said Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.), the ex-pro quarterback and one of the few to vote against the bill: "The last thing to pass this body so quickly was the Gulf of Tonkin resolution."

No sooner had Congress acted than the nation's football-watching habits began to change. The want-ad columns of the *Kansas City Star* blossomed with offers to sell Chiefs tickets rendered suddenly less desirable by the prospect of home TV, while a smaller number of advertisers, sensing a chance to finally get their hands on tickets, were offering to buy. The new law's 72-hour cutoff created a countdown-to-blastoff atmosphere in which nobody, not even NFL Broadcast Coordinator Bob Cochran, knew for sure what the weekly TV schedule might be. "That was *TV Guide*," Cochran said one day last week, wearily hanging up the phone in the league's Manhattan headquarters. "They're going crazy." In the end, the blackout was lifted for 16 games in 12 cities in the first two weeks of the season.

This meant that many NFL home games had become just that, events that now could be watched at home, within reach of well-stocked refrigerators. But some football dining habits died hard. TV offered no temptations to diehards like Jerre Maynard, a Minnesota Viking season ticket-holder who, as usual, was whooping it up before the opener against Oakland with throngs of other Minnesotans in the Metropolitan Stadium parking lot. "Who wants to have a tailgate party in a rec room?" Maynard asked. And here and there around the league some fans enjoyed the best of both worlds—instant replay and in-stadium action alike—by lugging battery-powered TV sets into stadiums.

Meanwhile, old beat-the-blackout practices fell into disuse, bringing grief to many entrepreneurs. No longer was Route 30 out of Pittsburgh clogged with Steeler fans driving to watch home-game telecasts in motels beyond the 75-mile blackout radius. At the New York Giants' first two home games the crowds that used to gather on tenement rooftops overlooking Yankee Stadium had thinned to a stubborn few. And while many neighborhood bars were suddenly packing in TV football watchers, business was off at establishments like Miami's huge The Rhodes Brothers Club, which had previously pirated Dolphin home-game telecasts from a station 120 miles distant in Fort Myers.

For last year's games the Miami club drew as many as 500 fans at a time, a free-spirited tribe that crowded the bar, calling audibles for Budweisers and Bloody Marys. For this season's opening-day win against San Francisco, the club's 9-by-12-foot TV screen remained dark and its space-age antenna went unused. Fewer than 80 customers quietly watched the game on three regular color sets. "We paid for all this equipment and we also had 800 uneaten hot dogs," moaned manager John White. "I figured it cost us at least \$2,500. Most people just watched the game at home. You can't blame them, either."

It was the fans' craving for home-game TV—and their prospective votes—that inspired Congress to attack the blackout on a three-year experimental basis. The bill also covers network telecasts for

baseball, basketball and hockey, but the NFL was the chief target. Baseball enjoys precious few sellouts while national telecasts of the NBA and NHL are mostly game-of-the-week affairs that would require lifting blackouts of no more than one city at a time. Strictly local telecasts are not affected by the legislation, Cynics attributed the congressional action to the ascendancy of the Washington Redskins. Noting that the politicians, like nearly everybody else in Washington, had not exactly stormed the stadium gates until Vince Lombardi and George Allen came along to revive the team's fortunes, one NFL official suggested, "None of this would have happened if Bill McPeak were still coaching the Redskins."

But it was the prosperity of pro football generally, not just the on-field deeds of Allen's Over the Hill Gang, that prompted the lifting of the blackout. Congress felt that the NFL, a \$145-million-a-year operation that played to 96% capacity last season, could easily withstand any ill effects of legislation that, after all, had its own built-in escape valve. "If a game sells out, the owners have their money in pocket," explained the bill's sponsor in the House, Massachusetts Democrat Torbert Macdonald, a former Harvard football captain and minor league outfielder. "If it doesn't sell out, the blackout's in effect. It's as simple as that. To use a word in ill repute, the law becomes unoperative."

Despite these assurances, it was easy to appreciate pro football's concern. The new law played havoc with hallowed NFL policy that views road-game telecasts as promotionally sound—the league insists that the networks beam every away game of all 26 teams back to the home folks—but considers home-game TV as a case of competing with your own product. Over the years, that policy helped fuel a demand so keen that season tickets are sometimes handed down in wills or contested in divorce suits. The lifting of the blackout suddenly had everybody talking about "no-shows," the term for those fickle souls who shelled out up to \$15 for a single ticket only to stay away, presumably to watch the game on TV. For the 16 sellouts affected by the legislation during the season's first two weeks, the NFL counted 65,387 no-shows.

All those AWOLs meant a loss of revenue for parking and food concessions at stadiums, most of which are multi-

continued



TV STUDIO FOOTBALL is seen by some as the unnatural consequence of the new legislation.

ipally owned Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium also reported a disheartening 230 last-minute cancellations at its Allegheny Club, where members pay \$600 a year for the privilege of watching Steelers games over Sunday dinner. Other losers include radio stations, which bought supposedly exclusive rights to home-game broadcasting only to have TV unexpectedly come along and siphon off the audience. Meanwhile, dire warnings that late-season foul weather might bring a sharp increase in no-shows were coming even from Miami Dolphins Owner Joe Robbie, who allowed that his club was vulnerable to tropical rainstorms, thus making what may be the first public admission that it rains in Miami.

The chief fear among Robbie and his fellow NFL owners was that today's no-show might become tomorrow's no-buy. Raising the specter of just such erosion, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle predicted that in the absence of TV blackouts, many sold-out games later this fall will be played before half-filled stadiums and that season ticket sales will drop sharply next year. "We mustn't let ourselves become just a TV-studio show," Rozelle said. "We need the electricity of the crowd. It isn't enough to sit in the stadium and hear just the chirp of pigeons and the crunch of peanuts."

Rozelle and the NFL owners hoped to persuade Congress to examine the effects of the blackout, even before the measure is due to be revisited next April 15. Invoking the evils of home-game TV, they necessarily ignored the fact that thousands of Milwaukeeans have journeyed the 100 miles to Green Bay for years even though Packer home games have been televised in Milwaukee right along. There was also the inconvenient fact that there was a no-show problem with the blackout, at least in bad weather. Witness the 33,860 Kansas City ticket-holders who stayed away from a sold-out Chiefs game against Baltimore one blustery day last December. For all of 1972, the NFL's no shows totaled 624,686, or 3,427 per game. Although this year's rate is running higher, Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore, the anti-blackout champion in the Senate, cautioned last week that the figure may have been swollen by the price resistance that scalpers were known to be facing for games suddenly available on local TV.

It seemed the numbers game could be played in innumerable ways. When Kan-

sas City turned up with 16,995 no-shows on opening day, a Chief front-office man blithely claimed that all those people had stayed away despite "ideal football weather." In fact, Kansas City had been pelted all morning by a chilling rain that let up before kickoff and then resumed in the fourth quarter. The club official spoke in the same spirit as the NFL witness who had earlier warned a congressional subcommittee that a hypothetical 10,000 no-shows at Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum could result in a loss at every Ram game of \$6,600 in parking revenue—money, he testified, that helped subsidize the California Museum of Science and Industry. This particular argument against lifting the blackout might have been more persuasive except that the Rams, having had only a couple of advance sellouts in their 27-year history, are unlikely to suffer the inconvenience of home-game telecasts.

Also guilty of overreaching were those NFL boosters who viewed the anti-blackout legislation as an affront to free enterprise and rhetorically wondered whether Congress might next ask General Motors to give away cars after selling a certain number. The analogy ignored the fact that GM, unlike the NFL, does not turn away customers anxious to buy. Furthermore, pro football and other big-time sports have prospered by using public stadiums and taking advantage of tax depreciation laws. NFL owners have always regarded the two antitrust exemptions that Congress granted pro football as statesmanlike, but now Gerold Phipps, chairman of the board of the Denver Broncos, was crediting the same body with "the most stupid piece of legislation ever passed."

There is no doubt that Congress has greatly vexed the NFL. Radio stations, to take one example, are demanding renegotiation of NFL broadcasting rights they felt were now worth far less than the \$3 million they had paid for them. The city of San Francisco, which leases Candlestick Park to the 49ers in a contract specifically prohibiting local TV, is threatening to sue NFL clubs also face possible legal proceedings from fans who, having bought season tickets on the assumption that the games would not be shown on the tube, now feel a betrayal perhaps best expressed by the placard that somebody held aloft in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium reading,

WELCOME TV FREELOADERS.

Unless they succeed in having the blackout restored, pro football's bosses will surely try to compensate for the damage done them by exacting greater tribute from the TV networks, whose ratings could be helped by their new access to home-game audiences. Rozelle also hints he might scrap his league's elaborate TV format, which provides for telecasts of all 13 weekly games, in favor of no more than four game-of-the-week shows patterned after ABC-TV's successful Monday-night extravaganza. That approach might yield less than the \$45 million pro football annually receives from TV now, but it would also mean nine fewer weekly telecasts—and thus nine fewer chances of getting stuck with televised home games.

There is one last suspicion as to why the NFL owners are so aggrieved. Perhaps they had been saving home-game telecasts for the riches of some form of pay TV. Said Congressman Macdonald: "If these no-shows had been caused by pay TV, you could bet the NFL owners wouldn't be so upset."

After living with Public Law 93-107 a while longer, some fans may wind up agreeing with the owners that it was all a sorry mistake. Contrary to first impressions, the lifting of the blackout provides no additional football on TV. It merely substitutes the home team's game for a different one. Depending on the caliber of the home team, that may not always be a blessing, something that Gary Johnston, a Kansas City ski shop owner, soon realized when he stayed home from the Chiefs' televised game with Los Angeles. Not only did the bumbling Chiefs fail to lure him to the stadium, they could not even hold his attention on television. During the second half of a depressing 23-13 Kansas City loss, Johnston switched to the more exciting Oakland-Minnesota game on another channel.

At that, Johnston had it better than the Philadelphia TV watcher who dashed off a letter to Leonard Fosse after watching the Eagles stumble through a 34-23 opening loss to St. Louis. "Don't be so irked about the anti-blackout law," the fan advised, "I took advantage of the free game on TV, but I promise I will never watch the Eagles again." Assuming himself a place in Fosse's esteem alongside Mickey Rubin, the letter writer called for a TV blackout of Philadelphia's away games, too.

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SPORT IN CHINA: Part 2

AN EAGER PEOPLE



IN THE SWIM

Mass enthusiasm for athletics, evident everywhere, rises to fervid pitch in the Swimming Village, where most of the town dips in at the drop of a flag **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**



The young man hitched bashfully at his gray trousers. He was standing in the village schoolyard. Beyond, in the commune fields stretching for hundreds of acres in every direction, people were working in the hot sun, planting rice or tilling it. There were loudspeakers in some fields, broadcasting the quotations of Chairman Mao. In newly planted fields young girls sat beneath yellow parasols, wooden clackers ready in their hands to scare off birds that might land to peck up the new seeds; human scarecrows.

This was Tang Wang village, about 30 miles in the country beyond Shanghai, and Photographer Jerry Cooke and I and some of the American basketball delegation had sat through yet another typical introduction to our visit here. Beneath portraits of Mao and Marx, while we sipped green tea, the vice-chairman of the commune Revolutionary Committee ran through the statistics of the place: 23,000 residents, 1,787 hectares of land, 1.2 million fish in its ponds, 130,000 chickens, 68 cows, 18 tractors, etc. etc.

Now that was over and Cooke and I had asked the principal of the school if we could interview and photograph the best athlete, the hometown hero. Our idea was to see how such a young Chinese paragon of sport would compare to his counterpart from an American small town. We had been introduced, without much fanfare, to a boy from the school. He was wiry, not tall, had wide thin shoulders and was wearing a white shirt over a red undershirt. He was also wearing a small Red Guard badge (sign of membership in an honorary society to which about half the school's students

continued

THRASHING HAPPILY in muddy waters, swimmers of Tso Chiao all but engulf visitors' boat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

For the sporting life.



On July 18, 1929 the Philadelphia Phillies and Pittsburgh Pirates played a game in which there was a home run hit in every inning.



A football game was played between Washington State College and San Jose State College in 1955 that was attended by only one paying customer in near zero temperature.



During the 19th century early golf balls were made of leather bags stuffed with feathers and sewn closed. The longest measured drive was 175 yards.

A Scotch whisky with an Italian name? In 1765, Giacomo Justerini followed a voluptuous opera singer to London and stayed to found the firm of Justerini and Brooks—purveyors throughout the world of one of life's more pleasurable participation events.

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SPORT IN CHINA continued

belonged). His name was Ma Shan-pao, 18 years old, and though he was so shy he could barely speak, he told us through our intrepid interpreter, Mr. Li, that his best sports were high jumping, at which he had cleared 1.4 meters (4'7½"), and basketball. He also played soccer, volleyball and Ping-Pong. I asked Ma if he was quite good at all these games and he said, "I am not so good as I would want." I asked what were the most points he had scored in a basketball game and he said, "I do not know. Fewer than I would have liked, I suppose."

As we spoke a small open-mouthed crowd of children gathered. Figuring Ma would be too modest to answer for himself, I asked the group if it were true that he was the best player in school, the star. Mr. Li had to translate this question twice, but at last one boy seemed to understand. He said, "He is sometimes quite accurate at shooting the basketball." I said, "Well, don't all of you admire Ma and wish to be a star like him in athletics?" The crowd seemed dubious, hesitant. Another child answered at last, "He does not attract our attention too greatly."

I spoke to Ma: "Does your talent at sports make the girls like you more?" This was very puzzling. Mr. Li had to ask twice before Ma riveted his eyes squarely at the dirt at his feet and mumbled, "We play sports to promote health and advance socialism."

I said to him, "Would you say that your talent at sports makes you more of a hero to your friends than if you were not a good athlete?" Ma seemed to find this all but unanswerable also, but at last he said, "We practice all together. No one stands away from the others."

Then I asked Ma who his own hero was and he answered Chuang Tse-tung, China's famed Ping-Pong champion. I asked Ma if he wanted to be like Chuang when he grew older. Ma said, "I will let the motherland and the party make the decisions as to where I can serve the Revolution." With that I let Ma drift gratefully away to shoot baskets in the dirt of the schoolyard.

My idea for somehow digging a small-town sports hero out of the rural land of China seemed to be completely lost in translation. In one last effort to construct an image of such a person, I turned to the school principal and said, "Is Ma really your best athlete?" The principal replied, "He is quite good, not bad at

all." I asked if Ma weren't considered some kind of an admirable example of personal success because of his superiority at sports, and the principal hesitated, asked Mr. Li for another clarifying translation, then replied with a sigh, "Ma is a rather accurate shooter of basketballs. But there is no special thought given to good sportsmen. They study in the usual manner. The other students do not pay so very much attention to them except to learn from them more about physical conditioning." I told him that in America many small towns look up to their high school sports heroes as if they were a special breed of mankind. The principal furrowed his brow and focused his eyes far out over the busy fields beyond the schoolyard. At last he smiled rather thinly and said, "This village is perhaps more interested in agricultural production records than in schoolboys' games."

On Being Amateur

Mu Lien-kuei is 24, a strapping 6'8" fellow with great gentle hooks for hands, a rugged forward who is one of the two dozen or so best basketball players in China. Mu had played against the touring U.S. basketball team in Hangchow and Peking with a collection of national and provincial all-stars. (As a measure of China's level of basketball, the game ranks second in popularity behind Ping-Pong, but the U.S. team, a group of competent but not dazzling all-stars who had never played together before their tour of China, won all eight of their games with embarrassing ease. Their narrowest victory over their hosts was by 19 points.)

Though the Chinese speak somewhat longingly of the day they will reach world levels of the game, there seems to be no officially sanctioned effort to mold and manufacture super-athletes through a full-time commitment of their personal energies. Mu, who easily might become a member of a Chinese Olympic basketball team should that day arrive, said that he comes from a remote province in the north of China where he is a student learning to drive a truck. "We practice two or three times a week, mostly voluntarily," he said. "We are almost all students. We get together for 20 days to practice for provincial and national tournaments, but we only practice half a day and the other half we do our normal study or profession. It is true that we are

redoubling our efforts to become world-class players in basketball, but there is always the problem of balancing training and our studies."

I informed Mu that in the U.S. there are many basketball players who do nothing but play the game, indeed make their livings at it. He was nonplussed. He paused, shook his head and said, "Basketball is very important in China to promote our health, but it is not so important that students should give up their studies or their socialist jobs for it. I would say that the tendency in China is toward the importance of amateur sports. I really do not think the day will come when men in China will spend their full days and their lives only playing games. It is not the natural thing for a man to do."

Of Renegades and Traitors

We sat in overstuffed chairs and couches covered with whitish beige slipcovers; this is the routine thick furniture of negotiation and government business in China. Chow and Kissinger used the same kind, so did President Nixon and Chairman Mao. The man I was talking to was bulky, gruff, thick-necked with high-cropped graying hair that had a definite military look to it. He was Kuo Lei of the All China Sports Federation, international liaisons department, and he looked as solid and sure of his substance as the chair he filled. The question I had asked Kuo on this weekday afternoon in Peking had to do with whether Red China would compete in the Olympic Games. This, it turned out, would require an hour or more of Kuo's oratory to answer fully (including the precise dry translations done by Mr. Li). I sipped four mugs of superb jasmine tea during Kuo's reply. Mr. Li finished three bottles of yellow pop and Kuo himself smoked about 10 cigarettes. In rather abbreviated and less flowery form, here is what Kuo said:

"The purpose of international exchanges is to promote friendship among sportsmen. This is the direction of China. This is the correct direction. We think international sports organizations should promote the fullest use of sports for friendship." Kuo then explained the recent history of China's role in regard to world sport. His blunt fingers fluttered eloquently as he spoke, cigarette smoke bloomed in bigger and bigger clouds around his face until it seemed sometimes

as if only his mouth existed. Kuo pointed out that the main problem was the "irrational and stupid" creation of two Chinas in world sport. The People's Republic of China and the Chiang Kai-shek government on Taiwan. This "blunder" occurred, said Kuo, after 1952 when Avery Brundage, then president of the International Olympic Committee, recognized "the swindlers, renegades and traitors of the Chung Kai-shek clique" and let them into the Olympic movement along with Red China, which at that time held official membership on the IOC. This, said Kuo, flew in the face of other international agreements. "China," he snapped, "will never tolerate such a fool's trick. We see through the conspiracy to attempt to make two Chinas by means of sport. . . ."

He went on, waving his hands through the smoke, "We raised protests for many years, but to no avail. So we suspended all contact with organizations that have recognized two Chinas. They retaliated by ordering their members not to have contact with us. They say that members of world sports federations cannot play against nations who are not members."

Kuo cleared his throat, then poked a finger skyward. "In this manner they have excluded 800 million Chinese from the world of sports." More calmly, he said that since the main perpetrator of this "blunder," Brundage, had stepped down as IOC president, "the new leaders need not feel guilty about past mistakes. If they rectify the IOC's two-China policy, we are ready to cooperate." He pointed out that now that Red China has the China seat in the United Nations it is only "realistic and true" for the IOC to follow the "inevitable tide of history" and do as the U.N. has done. And if this should come about? China will be happy to enter the Olympic Games of 1976, said Kuo.

But will China risk humiliation by entering athletes and teams that are not up to top competitive levels, and thus certain of defeat? Kuo did not flatter for an instant. "Of course we hope that China reaches high levels of competitive abilities someday soon. But we must accept the fact that China is at a low level in many sports—just as we are low in industry and agriculture. You must understand, China is still a backward nation in many respects. Yes, we are confident we can catch up because such backwardness—in sports or in industry—was

continued

caused by the fact that China was staggering beneath the weight of feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism and imperialism for many, many years. For centuries. This we know, this you know.

"Thus," said Kuo with a note of final triumph in his voice, "it is not at all necessary that we be certain of victory—or even of coming near to victory—before we reenter world sports competition. We cannot wait, for example, until our basketball players are as good as yours before we have games with you. We would never be friends through basketball if we did. We see sports as a way of communicating with many countries. We wish to be *friends* of the world, not necessarily *champions* of the world."

Park Six and a Jointed Spike

Hangchow was the capital of China in the Sung Dynasty. It is one of the most beautiful cities on earth. Marco Polo described it as a place "where so many pleasures may be found that one fancies himself to be in Paradise." Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Republic, meditated here often, and Chairman Mao himself is said to have a summer home in Hangchow, although no one claims to know where it is. It is a poetic town. Its spiritual center is old West Lake, and the lake and its heart seem to have been there for eternity.

Now we were up at five a.m., scooting in our car along the shores of the lake in deep gray morning light. The water was completely hidden, gone beyond the lip of the earth, it seemed, in the mist. Great willows hung like black face-torn moss. All was silent. Here and there someone stood on the grassy bank, facing into the endless days of the lake, rhythmically swinging his arms.

We were bound for Park Six. Other sections in the area had lovely names—Onoko Singing in the Willows, Autumn Moon on the Calm Lake. But this was Park Six. Cooke and I had slept lightly that night, for the arboretum in the back of the Hangchow Hotel was filled with tree frogs—raucous, belching, bellowing little fellows whose voices rose like a full zoo symphony in the Chinese darkness. We had also drunk deeply of something that seemed magnificent at the time; it was called *fen chui*, a nitroglycerin-colored juice distilled from rice, 160 proof, it was said. We had drunk it over ice, pretending it was martini.

Now in the dawn we arrived in the

mists of Park Six, and here was a wondrous sight, a fantasy we could scarcely believe. Among the black tree trunks on the shore, spreading out like their own shadows in the gloom of the walkways and driveways, we saw a vast and ghostly assembly of people. While most of the ancient city slept, here were hundreds silently moving in the classic slow-motion of *wu shu*, unreal in the cool smoke of dawn.

I stood rooted for a time near our car. There were people moving everywhere in the mist, trance-like, lethargic, graceful, many in unison though no cadence sounded. They seemed to be dreaming, a floating population, adrift there in the dim morning.

An old woman, her teeth browned or gone, came to talk to me while Cooke crept about amid the silent moving shadows with his camera. She was tiny, alert and fiery with energy. She wore black buggy trousers and a loose gray blouse, and she said that her name was Mrs. Chiang and that she was 64 years old. She said she came to Park Six every day, rain or shine.

"I suffered from many chronic diseases for 10 years," she said, gazing at me with eyes that glowed. "I could not move at all. Then, on March 17, 1963, I remember the day well, I began coming to Park Six. I couldn't even walk here. I had to hire a pedicab to carry me. I could scarcely move at all then . . . now I find it easy to climb a mountain, to walk as many miles as I wish. I am light as a child in both foot and mind."

Mrs. Chiang said she had invented many of her exercises herself, "although I absorbed much of *wu shu* into them. From my ideas for exercises you get 1) better appetite, 2) better state of mind and 3) your sleep is better, deeper, with fewer dreams." She explained that there were several stages to her system of exercise. The major theme behind it all was to "breathe fresh air because after sleeping all night, dirty things collect in your organs and they must be squeezed out. Fresh air does the squeezing out."

She then began to demonstrate each of her exercises and to explain the results brought on by each:

1) *Slapping each hand against opposite upper arm.* "This helps the motion of cells to begin inside your body."

2) *Spread arms, wave them at sides, then wave them overhead while slopping head backward as far as possible.* "Now your

continued



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brain can absorb maximum oxygen. Doing this puts your brain in a very good functioning state."

3) *Arms overhead, bending to touch toes, twisting arms inward-outward-inward:* "The central nervous system is working better with oxygen thanks to exercise No. 2 and the next thing—No. 3—is to pass oxygen throughout the whole body."

4) *Shaking clenched fists:* "This is good for high blood pressure, rheumatic conditions and anything that has an adverse effect on the heart. The first improves the tempo of the heart function."

5) *Rubbing hands firmly, down over forehead:* "The veins there are stimulated, and this improves circulation of blood in the head. If you have a headache, it will go away. There is no pain at all, and it also helps the eyesight. Also, some people habitually shed tears when they are in the wind. Rubbing the forehead helps that."

6) *Striking top of head with hand:* "This heals nose, ear and back of neck malfunctions. It improves listening power

and makes you able to fight the flu and to achieve better balance in the brain. It also aids in sleeping well."

7) *Rolling neck from side to side:* "This stops hardening of the neck."

8) *Rubbing stomach vigorously with hands:* "This helps digestion function regularly and gets the stomach and intestines systematized."

9) *Moving both arms, both legs jerkily, bending suitably:* "This is good for knee troubles and elbows, too, which is obvious."

10) *Swinging arms, swinging gently:* "This is the last exercise. . . I have skipped many of them. These last free movements represent a very active resting situation. This is done to return all organs to their original free state."

Later that day in the park next to Buck Lake, which is over a lovely garden hill from West Lake, Cooke and I came upon a small, lithe man and a woman. They stood in a patch of noontime sun on a hill overlooking the water below and Solitary Hill above where Dr. Sun Yat-sen once strolled. The fellow's name, we

learned, was Fu Chen-lian. A 26-year-old foundry worker from Shanghai, he was on vacation in Hangchow, his old hometown. The woman, his fiancée, was too shy to speak and would not say even her name. Fu was dressed in a bright blue sweat suit. On a nearby park bench he had laid down a metal *wu shu* sword along with a bizarre and lethal-looking thing—a chain of metal rods with a point on the end of the last one. It was, said Fu, a "nine-jointed spike," one of *wu shu*'s several types of weaponry.

I sought to discover through Fu what a Chinese workingman does with his leisure time. I hoped to compare his life with that of an American worker with his bowling alleys, televised pro football, pinball machines and softball leagues. So I asked Fu what he was doing on vacation. He replied, "I take my leisurely hours walking at the lake, resting and reading Chairman Mao's works. I go to the park and practice my *wu shu* and I visit with friends here. I have taken a particular liking to *wu shu*, although I am very much an amateur at it. My level is

continued

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not high at all. I do it for Chairman Mao and to increase production because we younger workers have to play an active part in production and we have the best opportunity to stay in good condition."

Fu then excused himself for a few moments to work out with his sword. In the warm noon sun he leaped, whirled, grunted, jabbed with his sword, slashed, stabbed, sliced the air gracefully. Then he returned to talk for a time. A layer of perspiration had collected on his face, and his girl friend gave him a kerchief to mop himself. Fu then said, "I do *wu shu* almost every day, although when I work the night shift I do not always have time or the will for it. I also play basketball and volleyball and do some swimming, but I am an amateur. I am not on any teams in my foundry. I watch television sometimes with others in my dormitory. I live in a barracks in a room with four other men. We have a radio which we listen to at times. I am paid 75 yuan [\$37.50] a month. My girl friend also works in the foundry. We walk in the parks in Shanghai. It is in the parks there that I first learned *wu shu*."

Fu excused himself once more and returned to the sunny sidewalk, this time swinging his nine-jointed spike. He threw himself into an astonishingly strenuous exhibition, spinning and springing high off the ground, manipulating the menacing, mace-like thing expertly, swinging it around his head like a lariat, feinting with it, whirling it, twisting both ends with his wrists. He was slightly breathless when he returned to our conversation and I asked him why *wu shu*?

Fu replied, "The major aim of my practice of *wu shu* is for the sake of the defense of the motherland and to promote production. But it is good for me, too. When I first was learning *wu shu* I found I was very tense in mind. But as I mastered it more and more I became very calm. I find a calm mind and a well-conditioned body are helpful to my part in advancing the socialist revolution."

I thanked Fu and offered him two tickets for the U.S.-China basketball game, which was to be played that night in the Hangchow Stadium. Fu's face lighted up and he said, "That is a pure treasure. I can tell you that for these games between your country and mine there is no stadium in China that would be too large for the people who wish to watch. Thank you, thank you." Then Fu cradled his sword in one arm, picked up his nine-

jointed spike in the other hand and, with his small silent girl friend at his side, walked away over the hill.

On Television

Sport on Chinese television is a something, technically backward and nearly always an ordeal to watch—full of propaganda. No one we met in China owned his own TV set. Only one person even knew where sets could be purchased, and those were enormously technical assemble-it-yourself kits that cost \$75 each. In order to watch TV, people are required to get together in some public place, a school, a commune meeting center or a factory political education room. There, as a rule, they bunch around, some perhaps 15 yards away from the 14-inch black and white set. Players look no bigger than crickets. Still, it is all they have, and the Chinese say they love it.

One sunny morning after the first U.S.-China basketball game in Peking, a contest that was televised all over China, Cooke and I were ushered through a commune residence for retired workers, a whitewashed set of tiny houses with 6-foot sandwens sprouting all around. It was called Home of Respect for the Aged and the residents were a fairly spindly old crowd, some happily playing Chinese chess in the sunshine, some doing bits of *wu shu*. One tiny old lady with wispy hair and a wrinkled smile performed a brief apple dance for us. I asked her if she and her friends had watched the game on TV the night before. She curtsied and said, "Oh, yes, of course. We gathered on the benches of the dining room. We sat in silence and respect for the great players from the beginning to the end. When it was over we stood up, all of us, and clapped and clapped. None of the players seemed able to hear us, however."

Spare-Time Kids

A locomotive was booming and grinding in the switching yard across the street. The kids continued their swimming sprints in the aquamarine waters of the pool. This was the spare-time sports school for the Hung Kow district of Shanghai, impressively located at the 40,000-seat stadium, with facilities that were among the best we were to see in China. The spare-time school system in China is the spine of the athletic organization, and even though the physical plant here was outstanding, the function of the school was typical. The deputy

chairman of the Revolutionary Committee said that the school had 450 students perfecting their skill at eight different sports with 50 coaches and part-time teachers available. The students were age nine to 16 and came to the school four or five afternoons a week for about three hours. Except for one session when they did "physical labor" (i.e., cleaning and fixing their facilities) they concentrated entirely on their own special sport.

Today at the pool there were perhaps 30 kids swimming. A fountain spouted majestically in the middle of the pool, and before them, on a billboard the size of a small house, was a painting of a soldier in a fur cap carrying a rifle and swimming through wavy green waters with a huge white-toothed smile. Behind him, also with toothy smiles, came half a dozen peasant swimmers, all fully clothed and armed with weapons. A message on this inspirational scene said: PREPARE FOR WAR . . . PREPARE AGAINST FAMINE . . . SERVE THE PEOPLE.

Besides the swimmers, hundreds of kids had been assembled for Cooke and me to see. A girls' basketball game was being played on an outdoor concrete court and an intricate badminton drill involving 30 youths was being held on a lot nearby. Within the low oval confines of the stadium a soccer game was under way and perhaps 75 young players were working at a series of track and field events ranging from the javelin throw to the high jump (with the large majority doing the Fosbury Flop). Beneath the stadium were a series of rooms filled with 1) perhaps three dozen lovely little children performing gymnastics, from plain old well-turned somersaults to intricate stunts on the balance beam, and 2) a couple of seemingly endless Ping-Pong galleries absolutely packed with tables and small grim persons savagely practicing China's national game. Their faces shone, their eyes were electric with the passion of their sport and there seemed to be hundreds of them. Again and again their feet cracked the floor with the explosive bang of a rifle shot as they followed through on murderous forehands and killing backhands. It was like some kind of factory.

I asked the leading member exactly how the spare-time students were selected, and he smiled and said, "Oh, we know where the best ones in the district are because we have coaches and teach-

ers everywhere." I asked how they were selected, and he said, "They are picked for their high political consciousness, good studies and a certain level of athletic abilities. Most of them are at the school only for a year or two, but a few are here for the entire six years. Most are trained here, then sent back to help coaches at their former schools."

The Village of Phoenix Nine

"You will find this a specially memorable experience, even historic perhaps. We are going to China's famous Swimming Village," said Mr. Li. He smiled and his eyes crinkled more than usual, although it may have been that he was sleepy. It was six a.m. in Canton, our next to last day in China, a lush hot morning like something in central Florida in summertime, and we were stepping out of our cavernous hotel into a fine rain, tropical in every aspect. Even at that hour in the drizzle the roads of Canton were crowded, a bobbing stream of bright yellow or black umbrellas. There was much honking as

we left the decrepit dignity of Canton city and rushed along the narrow tree-lined lanes of the country. Bikes and carts and pedicabs and dozens of pedestrians carrying loaded shoulder poles thronged the roadsides. People drove flocks of geese, there were bustling little markets selling scallions, cabbages, tomatoes, greens, live ducks. We sped past it all, honking so angrily that Cooke finally snapped at the driver, "Please be polite, will you?"

We were going deep into the Pearl River Delta. We rolled for miles, past the famed Whampoa River Harbor, one of China's largest, filled with freighters and junks and busy tugboats. Eventually we came to a village filled with wonderful gnarled trees and low tile-roofed houses built of soft-reddish bricks. We crossed a narrow yellow stream on a three-car ferry shepherded over by a coughing old tug, then drove on through more old villages, past fields of jute and palms and bananas, lychee trees, cotton, sugarcane and, of course, rice. We went over yet another small ochre-colored

stream and Mr. Li said, "Rivers cross this country as in a jigsaw puzzle. We are proceeding tributary by tributary to our final destination."

We arrived at another village, this one more thriving than the others. We were about two hours out of Canton. The day was beginning to clear, and the smell of the drying ground and the muddy river was at once rank and rich. We left our car with the horn-crazy driver, boarded a small riverboat and sat in the pilot's cabin sipping green tea as we chugged past a magnificent assortment of water transport: junks with tattered sails and filled with families, rowboats carrying sand for shoreline brick factories, a gray Mississippi-type passenger steamboat, tugboats, small freighters owned by the local communes for hauling produce to market. Here and there we saw a fisherman using the ancient fish traps that dangle by a line from a pole. We moved slowly past a splendid Ming Dynasty tower 500 years old, now grown a rosy pink, with each of its tiers covered with

continued

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brambles and bushes in the centuries of its disuse. The yellow river glistened in sunshine, for the morning was now almost perfect.

At last, after an hour or so, the skipper, a wiry, wrinkled fellow, muttered something and Mr. Li peered downriver. "There is Tao Chiao ahead," he said. "The Swimming Village of China. There are 39,000 people in the commune, I'm told, and 70% of them can swim. Before the Liberation only 10% could swim."

In the sunlight Tao Chiao was a low, tiled, stone-and-brick cluster of old buildings hugging the shore. As our boat approached, two or three dozen young girls, fully dressed, suddenly ran to the river and dived in. As we drew nearer they swam gracefully, strongly, into the current and waited until we were up to them. Then, grinning radiantly at the sluggish yellow-brown water, they began to applaud, setting up a merry splashing sound to go with their chirping giggles. Cooke and I, like some Chinese princes, puffed out our chests and applauded back. Perhaps a bit more imperiously than we might have liked to admit.

Once on shore we were warmly greeted by the commune's Revolutionary Committee and, without ado, were led to a large swimming pool where about 200 children awaited us in bathing suits. This being the Swimming Village, they of course had arranged a swimming meet especially for us. We nodded and applauded them as they applauded us. We waved and smiled and reached for hands to shake like a couple of neurotic Congressmen run amok on Labor Day. We were led to a 30-foot table at the pool's edge. It was covered with a purple cloth and laden with tea settings. The sun was hot now, and we were given straw fans and round straw hats for our comfort during the races. Doddily enough, the pool seemed an excellent condition (unlike many we had seen), but instead of having the usual lime Jell-O look it was filled with the fine yellowish waters of the river.

As the races went on we streamed sweat in the sun and my attention wandered. I noticed a large two-story stucco building near the pool and was astonished to see that every window was filled from sash to sill with curious faces. Dozens and dozens. I asked about that and was told it was the local straw-fan factory and that the workers had been given time off to look at us. "They are very interested," said Mr. Li. "There have been

a few other foreigners here since the Liberation, but you are the first Americans they have ever seen. They will be telling their friends about your visit for years and years."

The meet over at last, we rose, applauded and received in turn from the swimmers some sort of imperial salute as we began a leisurely walk through the narrow stone streets of Tao Chiao. The straw-fan factory workers had now emptied into the town square and we strolled (perhaps we were swaggering by now) past a couple of hundred of them, clapping and smiling. I clapped back, flashed a peace sign at times and waved majestically, my new messiah complex overcoming me. I hoped against hope that my long nose, round eyes and thick mustache would give the straw-fan workers something to remember.

Pigs wandered across our paths with some unburned ducks and geese that were dyed an unsettling fuchsia or chartreuse to show who owned them. A few baleful homely yellow-eyed dogs trotted about, and we were told they were kept for eating. We walked for a quarter mile or so past a solid wall of factories and then came to a narrow canal spanned by an arched bridge that curved up perhaps 12 feet over the water. I went to the top of the bridge and paused to look up-canal. Chills ran through my spine, numbness set in. For 100 yards up the stream, both banks were packed with people five or six deep. I turned the other way and was astonished to see the same thing there. Thousands of people were gathered. I glanced down into the sparkling brown water of the canal and—lo!—the surface was absolutely carpeted with the heads of children lying on their backs in the water waiting for Cooke and me to cross the little bridge.

There was something absolutely papal about the scene and I raised my hands. To bless them?—well, no, I merely began to applaud. So did they, and the clear hot morning was suddenly filled with this strange ovation.

Then, as if on signal, the smiling faces of the swimmers began to move together, floating like a flowing carpet beneath the bridge and down the canal. Cooke was frantically snapping pictures, and after the last of the water children drifted beneath us he said to Mr. Li, "Please ask them to swim back upstream and do it again. I'd like a few more pictures." And they did.

Reluctantly we descended from the bridge and went off to lunch in an airy bright house, the commune meeting building. We sat at a large round table and ate a sumptuous country meal—a two-foot carp steamed in ginger sauce and greens, slices of ham in a tangy sauce, a baked whole chicken served with its head lying on the plate, its claws neatly crossed upon its breast, some kind of liver served in more ginger sauce (thinking of the dogs, I felt obliged to ask about its origin and gratefully learned that it was pork liver).

We talked about the origins of the Swimming Village and Li Shu-ling, who was a leading member of the Revolutionary Committee, said, "When Chairman Mao issued a call for physical fitness in 1958 we saw that, being surrounded by water and a warm climate, swimming would be our best reply to him. We were encouraged in this by the Sports Federation in Canton. Now we are quite famous and a propaganda film has been made of our village swimmers."

I asked Li Shu-ling what sports there had been in Tao Chiao before the Liberation, and he shook his head and looked very sad, gazing morosely for a moment at the savaged carp upon the lunch table. He then spoke dolefully, looking occasionally at Chao Po-ping, another leading member of the Revolutionary Committee.

"Oh," said Li, "this village was filled with toiling masses then, laboring the day from dawn till night. We worried about food then, not sport, not swimming. Those were evil times, I tell you." And Chao began to speak, also sadly. "The village of Tao Chiao was the headquarters then for a bandit chieftain. A hoodlum, a thief, a robber, a man who was even a traitor for the Japanese during that war. He was a local despot, and the peasants lived in mortal terror of the man and his band."

Li picked up the tale, "His name was Phoenix Nine, and his grandfather and father before him had been robber chieftains, too. Phoenix Nine grew rich through the expedient of levying illegal charges on local people. If they refused to pay him, his running dogs would beat them, bully them, perhaps kill them in their beds. There was fear at every doorstep in Tao Chiao. Indeed, there was fear all around, for Phoenix Nine, that vandal, that jackal, controlled all the waterways, too, the canals and the rivers, and

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SPORT IN CHINA continued

no boats could pass with produce for market without paying a fee to his band." Li wagged his head sadly. Chao said, "Can you imagine China's famed Swimming Village in such a state—terrorized by a tyrant, a hooligan? It was so. After the Liberation he escaped the country. Phoenix Nine now lives in Hong Kong, we are told, rich and fat and exploitative as ever."

Li said, "As for sports then, there was only opium smoking among the bandits. That is all I can remember."

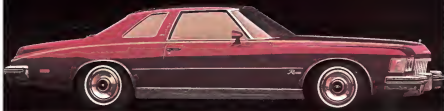
Our lunch was bolted off with green bananas and lichees, freshly plucked from the fields and orchards of Tao Chao. We ambled back through the village streets. The crowds were almost as large as before. At the canal we were again led to a table with tea, and we watched a sobersided class of small children learn their swimming techniques in the canal, which was about eight feet from their school. There seemed to be an inordinate amount of ostentatious swimming going on. A group of 20 or so girls suddenly walked past us and, fully clothed, jumped into the canal and began playing a shell game of water polo. Two old men walking with their hands at their backs veered off the path and descended a ramp into the water. A man came out of a barbershop and jumped into the canal. Chao said casually, "At one time or another, almost every day, everyone in the village—workers and old people, children and even some animals—takes an opportunity to swim."

It was, by this point, midafternoon and time to return to Canton. We walked back to our boat in the river and Chao smiled broadly and clapped me on the back and said, "We have an event for you now. The Swimming Village will swim for you. We have arranged it." Li Shu-ling grinned, too, his face creased like a prune. He carried a bugle in one hand, a red flag in the other, and both he and Chao climbed into the pilchouse of our boat with us and we chugged into the middle of the river.

Chao then said something to the skipper. The boat stopped. Without warning, Li put his bugle to his lips and blew three horrendous blasts, then began waving his red flag furiously. The shore gradually began to move as people gathered at the riverbanks and, astonishingly, in clusters of a dozen here, 25 there, began throwing themselves joyfully, methodically, into the river. Soon there were thousands

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of black-haired heads in the ochre water, dark eyes shining and smiles lighting the water's surface. The entire river seemed clogged with people, all swimming, all smiling, all drifting in a vast roiling, splashing flow toward our boat. Like an inexorable tide, they paddled closer and closer. The captain frowned and spat out a curse. The swimmers kept advancing. Li and Chao shouted at them. Our own Mr. Li began to yell. They came closer still: thousands of swimmers. Li Shu-hong began to blow on his bugle. Chao grabbed the red flag to wave. The skipper tried to hang out of the pilothouse to see where there was clear water away from the swimmers. The Chinese air was turning blue, with curses perhaps.

At last Cooke, displaying an instinctive aptitude for the proper move, began to applaud. Of course, so did the swimmers, and as they clapped merrily in the splashing water they stopped advancing and, whatever the crisis may have been, real or imagined, things returned to normal on this sunny afternoon.

And as I stood looking down on all the thousands of them in the river, applauding the strangeness of two Americans, I rather foolishly wished that I somehow had the power to well, to bless them, yes, to bless the people of the Swimming Village.

Poverty's Games

Through all of Chinese sport there runs a frayed thread of shabbiness, of games played in worn and faded clothing, in threadbare sneakers, with scuffed old balls on dirt courts. China's sports are poverty's games—pastimes that require little equipment, not much space, little grooming, a minimum of the sophisticated technology and shining material that much of the rest of the world has at its command. There is no denying the enthusiasm for sport in China, no gainsaying the massiveness of participation. Perhaps, however, the truest measure of sport in China today is the look of its people. They are healthy, lean and tough, where before in this century most of them

were not. Even if China's children are offered only the games of the poor, performed on the seedy playing fields of the deprived, the fact is they are playing games. And where have survival used to be the only motive for tens of millions, now there is more to live for. Chairman Mao, who is a poet of sensitivity and insight, wrote a verse in 1956 called *Swimming*. It speaks to the joys of sport and the eternities that are China, and it goes in part like this:

After swallowing some water at Changsha

*I taste a Wuchang fish in the surf
and swim across the Yangtze River
that winds ten thousand li.*

*I see the water like sky,
Wind battles me, waves hit me—I
don't care.*

*Better than walking lazily in the
patio*

Today I have a lot of time.

Here on the river the Master said:

*"Dying—going into the past—is like
a river flowing."*

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The Faces of Racing's Fast Crowd

It is as though the emotional cost of each victory and defeat has been etched into them, the erosion of a life lived on the outer edge. At right is the premier example, Jackie Stewart of 1973. Now world champion for the third time and winner of a record 27 Grand Prix races, he will forever carry the mask molded on him by his calling. But the crows, that now-familiar squint and set of jawline, are not Stewart's alone. The look is representative of all the drivers who follow the Formula 1 circuit each season and who are now headed to the U.S. for the big windup next week at Watkins Glen. As with the 34-year-old champion, the portraits of the top challengers on the pages that follow, even when helmeted and hidden, reveal their mood of tension in repose.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER





Making up a global Grand Prix gallery are England's grizzled Graham Hill (left), François



*Cevert of France, Belgium's Jacky Ickx and
the intense Brazilian, Emerson Fittipaldi.*





'We Blank Out Our Emotions'

To a new young lion like Jody Scheckter, who is 23 and still given a bit to pitching his car into the corners, they are the best drivers in all of racing. He can sense and admit that this else, these men of the Grand Prix, have something special—maturity. "Oh, I suppose you could call them gentlemen, if you will. But I would say mature: they know it's a dangerous job and they have respect for each other." That sums them up, and it is one reason Scheckter has decided to concentrate on Formula 1 racing when he gets to be a big boy, which is just about now.

He will be joining a vintage lot. Three weeks ago, in a stirring chase that carried him from 17th to a fourth-place finish at Monza, Scotland's Jackie Stewart cinched his third world driving championship. Stewart has been around a long while, so it has special meaning when he calls this the best year Grand Prix racing has ever had. His leading opponents tend to agree. Despite a series of crashes, competition has never been keener nor the margins of finish finer than this season. Next week comes the 1973 final at Watkins Glen, an event whose own fierce glamour and \$275,000 purse, the biggest in Grand Prix, keep it from being an anticlimax.

Any one of the eight drivers pictured here could win it, all of them expect to. Drawing on the events of this waning season and the talent that Scheckter calls maturity, they offer these glances at the premier motor sport of them all.

Jackie Stewart: It's been a good year for me so far. I'm satisfied, I feel I've earned most of my races. But, yes, I've thought of quitting. In mid-October I'll sit down calmly and think everything over. I never

said I would quit when I beat Jimmy Clark's record of 25, I said it would be nice to do it. As for those crashes this year, there is a comradeship between racing drivers—but there also is the ability to blank out the emotional ducts in one's body to a larger extent than I assume is possible by other people. . . . In racing, the important thing is to never, never give up. At Monza race day started out badly. In morning practice we had engine failure from a bad valve. Then on the warm-up lap the ignition wasn't working right. We had to bleed the brakes on the starting grid. On the eighth lap I had to stop for one minute and nine seconds to change a flat tire. When I got back in the race I knew it would be difficult to reach fifth or sixth place to get the championship points—but when I got to sixth, I thought I'd try for fifth. And when I was fifth, I thought, maybe fourth. I knew I was world champion when I saw them jumping up and down outside the pits.

Graham Hill, 44, England: I never think back, I always look forward. Quit? No, I don't think about it, but one day I will. Motor racing is a very exciting, challenging, satisfying sport. I have always felt I would retire when I stopped enjoying racing, but it has occurred to me recently that I may have to find another reason because I may never stop enjoying racing. Oh, well. I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

François Cevert, 29, France: The competition has been very tough all season. The winner has never had more than six or 10 seconds over the next man. And as for the accidents and tragedy—the circus goes on. There's no room for tears.

Jacky Ickx, 28, Belgium: I'm living the life I want and I feel the future will be even better. Auto racing is the chance to use your life as you want, at the speed you want. Racing is very important to me, but not overimportant—it gets may-

be 50% to 60% of my time. I have other things to do and I enjoy them.

Emerson Fittipaldi, 27, Brazil (the 1972 world champion): This year quite a few bad things happened to me. The worst was an accident in practice at Zandvoort; until then I was one point behind Jack. . . . I still had a good chance of keeping the championship but I've had problems with my injured foot and my car, one or the other—so what can you do? Still, you learn something in every race and after an accident you clear your mind. But you have to think about why you had the accident—so it won't happen again.

Peter Revson, 34, U.S.: The accidents this year have driven home some of the dangers of motor racing, but you just have to think of the race ahead. And while the relationship between drivers is fairly superficial, we're the only ones who can talk to each other regarding what we do. We have nobody else to relate to concerning our mutual problems.

Jody Scheckter, South Africa: I really haven't had enough races to prove myself yet—but next year I will give my main attention to Formula 1. When I first came to the U.S. I won a few races in Formula 5,000 right away, plus some of the other classes, too, and everybody said I was just lucky. Not that I could drive, just that I was lucky. In Grand Prix the drivers don't say a thing like that if you win a race. If you win in Formula 1 they know you were fast enough and good enough—not lucky enough—to win.

Ronnie Peterson, 29, Sweden: I've been leading most of the races this season but including those races I won, I haven't finished more than five or six. Still, although I've had a bit of bad luck, I'm quite happy about my year. I never think of quitting. I'm simply one year older. That's the only way this season has affected me.

END

Wearing that touch of worldly weariness are American Peter Revson and South Africa's young Jody Scheckter (left), and Sweden's fast-racing Ronnie Peterson.



It's an awkward place for an amateur

The 1973 Summer Nationals in Washington, D.C. turned out to be the largest bridge tournament ever held. Eager competitors occupied 16,044 tables, some 1,500 more than the previous record of 14,511 set in 1965 in Chicago. But amid this pleasing evidence of the continuing growth of the game came less welcome indications of creeping commercialism among those at the top of the sport. It could cost a world championship. The results of the Spingold Knockout Team event spotlighted the problem: professionalism as it applies to the paid sponsorship of teams by playing "captains," i.e., good but not exceptional players who pay handsomely to organize and compete on a team of superstars in order to gain bridge glory and master points.

The Spingold, prestigious in its own right, also served to qualify one of the four teams that will compete later this

month in Milwaukee to decide which of them will represent North America in the 1974 world championship. As it happened, both Spingold finalists were captained by sponsors: A. E. (Bud) Reinhold of Highland Park, Ill. and Malcolm K. Brachman of Dallas. In the end Reinhold's squad (Billy Eisenberg, Eddie Kantar, Larry Cohen and Richard Katz) defeated Brachman's team (Jim Jacoby, Paul Soloway, Sidney Lazard and John Swanson) to earn a spot in the playoffs.

There is nothing in principle wrong with sponsored teams. American Contract Bridge League regulations permit any player to pay any price to surround himself with sufficient talent to win a major national championship. And, indeed, since ACBL rules forbid big cash prizes such as those offered by golf and tennis—or even European bridge tournaments—there is no other way American bridge stars can be financially rewarded for their skills. But the question is: Could such a team, assuming it won the Milwaukee playoffs, give us any real chance to regain the world title? In my opinion we cannot afford to have even one player on our championship squad who is less than a superstar if we are to beat competition of the caliber of the Italian Blue Team.

As an illustration, put yourself in Brachman's seat (East) on this deal from the Spingold final, and be forewarned that you will cost your team 12 international match points if you do not defeat three no trump.

South covers the spade 5 with dummy's 9 and captures your jack with his ace. Next comes a diamond to dummy's 9. You win with the 10 and return a spade. Do you go along with the play so far? If so, you have lost the 12 IMPs, as Brachman did.

It is virtually certain from the play to the first trick that South began with ace-king of spades. If you realize that South has a second spade trick, you also should realize that declarer can win six diamonds, two spades and at least one heart to make his game. Your only hope therefore is to find your partner with four clubs to the king. So you should shift at once to a club, collecting four club tricks in addition to the diamond already in hand.

Why then, when he held no stopper in clubs, did the experienced Katz not finesse dummy's diamond queen on the second trick as his only legitimate chance to make the hand? He chose not to do it because he was so confident Brachman would make the "automatic"—and unimaginative—spade return that he could even afford to take insurance against the possibility that East might have the lone king of diamonds!

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

<p style="text-align: center;">NORTH</p> <p style="text-align: center;">WEST</p> <p style="text-align: center;">EAST</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SOUTH</p>			
SOUTH (Katz)	WEST (Soloway)	NORTH (Cohen)	EAST (Brachman)
PASS	PASS	1♠	1♠
3♥	3♠	3♠	PASS
3NT	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 3 of spades

END



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Veer meets Son of Veer

South Carolina's Paul Dietzel, using the same offense Houston's Bill Yeoman invented, came to town and got a lesson on how it really goes

There was so much bee-hiving about what a difference a Veer makes that for a while last week even South Carolina believed it had a chance against Houston. Following a 4-7 season during which a cabal of critics parked a moving van in front of Paul Dietzel's home, the Gamecock coach decided to, O.K., clean house. Out went the old offense and defense and in came seven new assistant coaches from exotic places like Florence State University and Wallballa High School. The veteran team enjoyed renewed vigor, and the rewards were immediate. South Carolina and its new Veer opened with a 41-28 upset of Georgia Tech, the finest moment a Dietzel team has enjoyed in seven aggravating years.

Now Dietzel was taking his Veer offense to the very place it was first used, Houston, and trying to beat the coach who developed it, Bill Yeoman.

"I'd drawn it on paper and practiced it in the spring of 1965," said Yeoman last week. "But I didn't have the guts to go to it until midseason when it looked as if we were all about to be fired."

In the seven complete seasons since, the Cougars have finished in the Top 20 six times, have produced five 1,000-yard runners and have won three total-offense titles and two rushing championships. While defensive coaches sought an honorable peace, offensive coaches came as pilgrims to Yeoman's door. Yeoman discussed the offense in detail and put his play book on the open market for \$10 a copy. Since 1969 it has found its way onto more than 1,000 bookshelves.

But as South Carolina was to learn last Friday night at the Astrodome, trying to beat Houston with the Veer is like challenging Betty Crocker to a bake-off. Dietzel admitted he could not match the Cougars' personnel but he felt he had an

equalizer that even Yeoman was wary of—enthusiasm. "I don't like those kinds of teams," said the Houston coach, "and South Carolina is sky-high."

While the game would superficially be Veer against Veer, the Houston offense actually is much more complicated than that. South Carolina would use the basic Veer play, quarterback handing off to fullback up the middle, keeping it himself or pitching to a halfback. But Houston was offering much more.

"The success of our offense is no longer just the triple-option play," says Yeoman. "A team must prepare to stop it, but we'll seldom run it more than 20% of the time. What we have is an entire Veer offense that includes draws, counters, screen passes—a lot of things. The triple option no longer has the surprise value it once had, so if a team can cut off those options you need other things to go to."

In Quarterback D.C. Nobles—if you don't believe D.C. is his first name he'll whip out his birth certificate to prove it—Houston has a player perfectly suited to Yeoman's offense. He is quick of hand, strong of arm, fast of foot and blithe of demeanor. Not only that, he is the second best chess player in Lufkin, Texas. The best, he says, is the man who taught him, there being no others. D.C. is further distinguished by his appraisal of Houston's future when it begins competing for the Southwest Conference title in 1976. "The trips won't be as good," he allows, "but the Cougars will see an awful lot of the Cotton Bowl."

Nobles' backfield help is deep and effective and no less confident. There is, for instance, Fullback Leonard Parker, who is built like a guard and runs like a tackle with a bad knee. Unfortunately, he has a bad knee, though he refuses to



OPTION ONE: NOBLES TO HIS FULLBACK

admit it. And there is Reggie Cherry, who claims there is nothing so difficult about succeeding a long line of Paul Gipsoms and Robert Newhouses because what the Veer did for them it can do for him.

"If South Carolina tries to defense us with a four-man front the way they did Georgia Tech, we'll run all over them," said Cherry. "Every back we have will gain 100 yards. You can't leave the inside wide open. I mean, if they got the Veer, they should know that."

Nor would knowledge alone be sufficient. Early in the week a South Carolina scout, noting the Cougars' improvement from a 6-4-1 season of last year, admitted, "Then they had weaknesses we might have taken advantage of, but not now. They're a complete team, and it can get pretty distressing to see their yardage build up on that big Astrodome scoreboard."

South Carolina had another problem, it could not get a good line on the Houston players. The Cougars went only one strong half in their opening win over Rice, and an attempt to scout their final intrasquad game last spring had been even less telling. "When we got there,"

FOOTBALL

Dietzel recalls, "Nobles was on the sidelines signing autographs for kids. Then we found out why. In the last two scrimmages before that one his offensive team had twice scored more than 70 points. They were hiding him."

The Cougars' passion for yardage and points was burning hot last week. As they moved swiftly downfield in their first possession it looked to be the second rout in two nights at the Astrodome. The Gamecocks had watched the first one—and they seemed to be headed toward the same fate as Bobby Riggs. They were offering a four-man defensive front, and Houston took quick advantage of it by marching close enough for a field goal and a 3-0 lead. But the South Carolina Veer also showed early form under Quarterback Jeff Grantz, a sophomore with valuable Veer experience from his high school days. He broke off a 41-yard run to set up a tying field goal and led his team to another three-pointer and a 6-3 lead early in the second quarter. The Gamecocks were winning the minor skirmishes, but even then it was obvious they were in trouble. The Houston defense, which practices against the Veer every spring because that's all there is on campus, was eliminating the inside running option and South Carolina's lack of outside speed was showing. That left it up to Grantz, who Dietzel had said was the best athlete he ever had at quarterback, and all Grantz could do with consistent effectiveness was pass. So much for the triple option.

Houston, meanwhile, was just starting to mobilize. In the second period Parker gained 39 yards in five straight carries as Tackle Ken Baugh and Guard Everett Little pounded the Gamecocks' defensive left side. Then the versatility of the Veer and the ball handling of Nobles came into focus. Nobles took the snap, stuck the ball into Parker's stomach and, as the defense converged, took it right back and went outside for 11 yards. Two plays later Nobles scored from the three in the same fashion.

Late in the half the Cougars scored again, a Nobles 36-yard screen pass to Larry Jefferson setting up a five-yard TD run by Parker. Now it was 17-6, and the rout appeared to be on. But 14 seconds later it seemed a game again as South Carolina's Jay Lynn Hodgson took the kickoff and streaked 93 yards to make the score 17-13.

The touchdown gave the Gamecocks

a psychological lift but did nothing to open up their running game—or deter Houston's. Parker was once again the workhorse on a 70-yard scoring drive that began the second half. Cherry covered the final distance on a pitchout from the 10, and Houston led 24-13.

Still South Carolina fought back, that enthusiasm Yeoman had worried about refusing to fade. The Gamecocks scored a touchdown early in the fourth quarter when Hodgson went over from the four, but the 46-yard drive was costly, for Grantz went out with a severe shin bruise. Houston added another field goal to secure a modest 27-19 victory.

Houston's supremacy in the statistical battle of Veers was far greater than the score suggested. The Cougars gained 430 yards to South Carolina's 260 and were nifty in their execution. Three times in the fourth quarter they spurred fourth-down field goals to go for the first down, twice succeeding. "It's been a while since I saw a finer team," said Dietzel as he walked out of the Astrodome. "They manhandled us up front, and I couldn't tell you which running back I liked best."

True to Cherry's prediction, he had rushed for 102 yards and Parker 135, and Nobles had totaled 145 on runs and passes both.

"Experience with that Veer means a lot," D.C. grinned. "If those fellows work on it a year or two they can be as good as we are."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (2-0)
2. SMU (2-0)
3. TEXAS (0-1)

It seemed harmless enough when New Mexico was offside on its opening kickoff to Texas Tech, for the Lobos simply walked five yards back and kicked again. Only this time Lawrence Williams gathered in the ball on his five-yard line and went all the way for a touchdown. That was just the start of a day crammed with miseries for the Lobos, who immediately fumbled the kickoff they

received. Three plays later Williams took a 24-yard loss from Joe Barnes and had his second touchdown in the opening 93 seconds. Tech also recovered another NMU fumble as it built a 21-0 first-period advantage. In all, New Mexico dropped the ball nine times, lost it on five of those misuses and went down to a 41-7 defeat.

Last March an automobile accident nearly killed TCU Coach Billy Tobitt. Tobitt entered Anson Carter Stadium on crutches for his team's opener and he was given a standing ovation from the fans. Making his comeback complete was a 49-13 triumph by his Horned Frogs over Texas-Arlington.

MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (1-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (1-0)

Arkansas had a luck coming against Oklahoma State. As a matter of fact, several The trouble was, the Razorbacks had difficulty getting off several of them. It seems that Tim Conway, who centers the ball to the Arkansas punter, lifts the ball before snapping it back. Cowboy Tackle Barry Price took advantage of this and got a hand on one Conway snap and psych'd him into hurrying another. Once the punter was tackled at his own 16 and the Cowboys converted that into a field goal. The other time the snap stalled into the end zone for a safety. When Arkansas tried a different center, he, too, sent the ball into the end zone and the Cowboys got another safety. When it was over, Oklahoma State had a solid—even humiliating—38-6 win.

Three other Big Eight teams held off outsiders, though not without considerable exertion. Nebraska trailed North Carolina State 14-10 in the fourth period before breaking loose for three touchdowns and a 31-14 verdict. John Cherry passed for 199 yards and one touchdown (a 52-yard bomb to Jim Skarup), as Missouri beat Virginia 31-7. With Tailback Charlie Davis sidelined by a shoulder injury, Billy Waddy took his place and put on a dazzling performance that enabled Colorado to overcome Wisconsin 28-25.

Preparing for their encounter with Northwestern, Notre Dame scouts spotted some wide line splits and slow reaction in the wildcat kicking game. Thus educated, the Irish at times put on an eight-man rush against Painter Dave Skarup. He never had a chance. One of his punts was blocked, another was deflected, and the Irish added injury to insult when Skarup suffered a broken leg. Notre Dame gained 473 yards and a 44-0 win, the 10th victory for Ara Parseghian in 23 years of coaching.



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Ohio State had the week off, but Michigan enhanced its reputation by drubbing Stanford 47-10. Mike Lantry, a 25-year-old Army veteran, set a Wolverine mark when he kicked a 50-yard field goal and then elapsed that 12 minutes and 30 seconds later by booting one from 51 yards. Minnesota's John King carried the ball for 110 yards and two TDs in a 41-14 trouncing of North Dakota. But Big Ten prestige slipped a notch when Purdue lost to Miami of Ohio 24-19. Redskin Quarterback Steve Sanna, who missed the past two seasons because of bad knees, hit on nine of 18 passes for 127 yards and two touchdowns. Fullback Chuck Varner, a linebacker a year ago, scored three touchdowns, two in the final quarter, as Miami fought back from a 19-10 deficit.

Kent State earned a 35-7 Mid-American Conference win over Ohio U. and Louisville whipped Drake 27-17 in a Missouri Valley confrontation.

Arkansas State led Wichita State 12-0 with 47 seconds left, but then the Shockers lived up to their name. First, Tom Owen passed 12 yards to Steve Baker for a score. Next, WS recovered its inside kick and Owen completed two more throws, the final one a 32-yarder to Baker for a TD with six seconds left and a ho-hum 14-12 victory.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (2-0)
2. TENNESSEE (2-0)
3. AUBURN (2-0)

With the help of a loudmouth quarterback, a passid of grubby defenders and some strong running, Miami left Texas with little to talk about after victimizing the Longhorns 20-15. One person who was valuable afterward was Coy Hall, a part-time signal caller for the Hurricanes, who combined with Kary Baker to complete 12 of 18 passes. Said Hall: "I expected it. Everybody said I had a big mouth. But I really believe in this team and the coaches."

It was a stunning beginning for new Miami Coach Pete Elliott, whose team was a 14½-point underdog. The Hurricanes seemed headed in the expected direction when the Longhorns took the opening kickoff, stamped 86 yards and scored on a five-yard thrust by Roosevelt Leaks. The team looked as devastating as ever and brought to mind a comment made the day before by Coach Quarell Royal, who had said, "There's nothing new about us."

Following that first drive, though, there was plenty new about the Longhorns; they fumbled eight times and lost five of them. The most nightmarish moment of all came when Joe Abousie swept around end on his

way toward a certain 54-yard touchdown gallop only to have the ball fall from his arms on the Miami 30 even though not a hand had been laid on him. Texas gained 287 yards rushing, and Leaks pounded out 153 of them in 30 carries. But he fumbled three times. It was Miami that played ball possession, controlling the action for 37 minutes. Woody Thompson scored on three short touchdown runs, and the Hurricanes hooked the Longhorns. While Hall and his teammates had much to talk about afterward, Royal could only say, "I cut off scrammages two weeks ago because we were getting a lot of injuries. Maybe the absence of contact for so long accounted for the fumbles."

For the first time since abruptly leaving there 20 years ago, Alabama's Bear Bryant brought a team to Kentucky. "The day before I left Kentucky I could have been elected governor," he said. "The day after, I was hanged in effigy. They'll be playing the old man, not our team."

Kentucky, a 27-point underdog, was sure playing somebody, for it held a 14-0 lead at intermission. And when Willie Shelby of the Clemson Tide fumbled the kickoff to start the second half it looked as if the Wildcats might take the whole thing. But only for a second. Shelby picked up the ball on his goal line and ran it back 160 yards for a touchdown. From there on, Alabama's superior depth wore down Kentucky and the Tide ground out a 28-14 win.

Auburn disposed of Tennessee-Chattanooga 31-0, but Florida and LSU had to scramble to come out on top. Fumbles hampered the Gators, who salvaged a 14-13 victory over Southern Mississippi. LSU, which did not have a turnover against Colorado the week before, had four in the first 11 minutes against Texas A&M. But the Tigers made good on 11 of 19 third-down plays, stopped the Aggies on 11 of 14 such attempts and won 28-21. Still, the Aggies might have pulled it out had it not been for Tiger Cornerback Mike Williams, who deflected a pass with 45 seconds to go.

There were Washingtons at work all over the South. A shoestring tackle that Tulane Cornerback Wyatt Washington made on Boston College's Mike Espinoza late in the fourth quarter helped preserve a 21-16 win. Steve Foley had put the Green Wave in front 21-7 with a scoring pass plus touchdown runs of 35 and 51 yards. Duke defeated visiting Washington University 23-21, thanks to an 11-yard TD pass from Mark Johnson to Randy Cobb with 1:37 left. And freshman Gene Washington ran back a kickoff 96 yards for a touchdown as Georgia won a non-conference battle with Clemson 31-14. Sophomores Ralph Page (he scored once and completed six of seven passes) and Glynn Harrison (he ran for 84 yards and also had a touchdown) also helped the Bulldogs. All three of the youngsters had spent most of

their time on the bench a week earlier when Georgia was tied by Pitt.

"We haven't been handled like this in years," said North Carolina Coach Bill Gooley after his string of 15 ACC wins was snapped by Maryland 23-3. The Torps' Al Neville passed for two TDs and set up a third score on a 34-yard completion to Frank Russell.

Felix Glasco, a defensive back for Wake Forest, set up one touchdown with a blocked punt and scored another after scooping up a William & Mary fumble. His feats gave the Oerem Oacans a 14-0 lead, but the Indians rallied for a 15-14 victory that was climaxed by Terry Regan's 17-yard field goal. David Jaynes of Kansas was on target with 15 of 28 passes, while the defense stole five passes and three fumbles. The result was a 28-0 win over Florida State, the first time the Seminoles had been blanked in 81 games. Errors also plagued VMI, which lost seven fumbles, had two punts blocked and had a pass intercepted in a 35-0 Southern Conference setback by Richmond.

There were some new rebels in the South. One disgruntled fan placed a full-page newspaper advertisement demanding a change in the coaching staff at Mississippi because of "miserable performances" in the team's first outing this year. Further fuel surely was added to the campaign when Ole Miss was dumped by Memphis State 17-13. It was only the second time in the 27-game series dating back to 1921 that the Tigers had won, and they did it by rallying from a 13-0 deficit.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (2-0)
3. DELAWARE (3-0)

"It's as good, or going to be as good, as any Penn State team they've had," said Navy Coach George Welsh after his Midshipmen had lost 39-0. Welsh, an assistant coach at State for a decade, watched gleefully as his team managed only five first downs and was outgained 477 yards to 154. Keeping the Nittany Lions on the move were John Cappelletti, who ran for 104 yards, and Tom Shuman, who hit his receivers nine of 12 times for 158 yards and two touchdowns. Chris Bahr, an All-America soccer player, chipped in with a 22-yard field goal and four extra points, then flew back to Penn State to compete that night against a British squad from Birmingham University and had two assists in a 2-2 tie.

Condridge (Thisaway-Thataway) Holloway of Tennessee gave Army the shirts off his back but other than that left would-be tacklers empty-handed as he guided the Vol-

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unters to a 57-18 victory. Holloway, who had two tearaway jereys torn away, ran for 74 yards and passed for 169 more. Once, when he appeared to be trapped for a 14-yard loss on his own 10, he got off a pass to the 33. Another time he seemed to escape between the fingers of West Point tacklers and ran for 48 yards.

Pittsburgh found itself in the heady position of being the favorite against Baylor, but the Bears took the opening kickoff, used almost nine minutes to clomp 90 yards for a touchdown and defeated the Panthers 20-14. Tailback Gary Lacy, who carried the ball 17 times during that first drive, amassed 167 yards in 39 carries.

Game-breakers Dwayne Woods and Danny Buggs were at it again as West Virginia knocked off Virginia Tech 24-10. The Mountaineers scored three touchdowns in the second period, one on a 38-yard sprint by Woods, and another on a 59-yard pass from Ade Dillon to Buggs. Morgan State quickly learned there would be no rambling with Grambling during the third annual Whitney M. Young contest at Yankee Stadium. Shutting off the Bear offense were Safety William Bryant, who stole three passes, and the Tiger from four, which averaged 257 pounds. It added up to a 31-14 win for Grambling.

Syracuse, upset last week, almost returned the favor this Saturday, only to succumb to Michigan State 14-8. Two first-half field goal attempts by the Orange were blocked. They yielded the deciding TD to Tailback Tyrone Wilson with a mere 35 seconds left in the game. Colgate brushed off Lafayette 55-21 as Quarterback Tom Parr took part in seven touchdowns. He hit on 14 of 17 passes for 192 yards, a school-record four scores and added touchdown runs of 19, 52 and 33 yards.

Delaware won its 17th game in succession by stomping Gettysburg 60-18, but the biggest small-college news was the end of the nation's longest winning streak at 22 games when Bridgeport (Conn.) lost to American International 38-25. Supplying most of the punch for the winners were Jerry Stelmach (137 yards and one TD) and Greg Davis (122 yards and three touchdowns).

WEST

1. USC (2-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (2-0)
3. UCLA (1-1)

"An angry football team is better than a confident one. And we're an angry football team." So said UCLA Coach Pepper Rodgers before taking on Iowa. His Bruins, still seething over their 40-13 televised kicking around by Nebraska two weeks earlier, took

out their frustrations on the Hawkeyes 55-18. UCLA rushed for 405 yards, 101 of them picked up by James McAnister, 87 by Kermit Johnson and 59 more—plus two touchdowns—by John Scarra, who replaced Quarterback Mark Harmon after Harmon completed neither of his two passes.

Aside from victories by UCLA and USC, it was a winless week for Pacific Eight clubs. Oregon, trailing Air Force 17-1 in the fourth quarter, scored twice in 15 seconds to square matters. The Ducks did it with a 67-yard Nural Turner-to-Russ Francis pass and,

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Substitute Tailback Billy Waddy, a freshman, led Colorado to a 28-25 win over Wisconsin as he gained 202 yards in 24 carries, scored on runs of 17 and 76 yards and completed a surprise 14-3 pass for a touchdown.

THE LINEMAN: John Bell, a 6-foot, 210-pound middle guard for Nebraska, made 18 tackles, three times downing the North Carolina State quarterback in the fourth quarter as the Huskers came from behind for a 31-14 victory.

following the recovery of a line-drive kick that came off an Air Force player, with a 46-yard run by Don Reynolds. But the Falcons regrouped for a 24-17 win when Rich Hayne found Bob Farr with a six-yard scoring pass. With Andy Dinall and Clarence Delmar returning interceptors for touchdowns, SMU had little trouble burping off Oregon State 35-6. California was downed 27-7 by Illinois, which got two touchdowns and 149 yards rushing from George Uremsovich. And Washington State fell 20-9 to Arizona State, which had to play without All-America Halfback Woody Green who was injured. Replacing Green, Alonzo Emery ripped off 114 yards and carried a screen pass 87 yards for a TD. Least reprehensible of the Sun Devil defenders was Linebacker Bob Brent, who had a hand in 16 tackles and went 21 yards for a score after recovering a Cougar fumble.

Charlie Gorfham booted four field goals and T (for Theophilos) Bell caught seven passes from Bruce Hill as Arizona won its third in a row, downing Indiana 26-10. Lonnie Crittenden of Texas-EI Paso got off points of 84 and 59 yards, but for the rest of the game it was UTEP that was booed about as Utah whirled to an 82-6 win. In three losses UTEP has been outscored 178-29.

Hawaii, off an upset of Washington last week, beat Fresno State 13-10 on Ronheld Stuprich's game-ending 29-yard field goal. Casey Deter set up the kick with a 35-yard pass to Henry Non with 25 seconds left and earlier threw a 10-yard scoring pass to Aran Aha.

END



Standing



Sitting



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There was no saying whoa to this Melvin

Take away one leg from a pacing colt and what do you have? In the Little Brown Jug, a win by a three-legged horse, namely Melvin's Woe, who was so lame going into the rich, classic race he was nearly scratched

Norman's Woe is a tiny island off the coast of Massachusetts where, according to Longfellow, the schooner *Hesperus* went down in 1842. Melvin's Woe, named more or less after the island, or—at least was thought to be—something of a wreck of a standardbred. Norman's Woe was last in the news during World War II when a German sympathizer was caught lighting candles in a trailer there in signal off-shore U-boats. Melvin's Woe has been fairly inconspicuous, too, and considering his condition, it was not anticipated that this situation would change at the Little Brown Jug last week.

The Jug, which is the biggest event in pacing, is contested each year on the county fairgrounds track at Delaware, Ohio. By 1973 standards Delaware is an implausible location for a classic horse race but, given the fair's heroic role in horsey nostalgia, it is the perfect site for an implausible animal.

One such was Melvin's Woe. He was lame before his first heat. He stood in ice-water boots between dashes. He was lame after the day's racing. But, with his trainer-driver Joe O'Brien juggling and joggling like mad in the sulky, old O'Brien style, Melvin's Woe was the winner of the Little Brown Jug.

No one knew better than O'Brien and the horse's veterinarian, Dr. Ken Buckley, just how real Melvin's woes were. O'Brien, a quiet horseman who is known for his ability to get the best out of a horse, arrived in Delaware three days before the Jug. Melvin's Woe had shipped in from Detroit, where he had won a race, but his right foreleg was hurting and he had suffered a bruised eye while rolling around in his stall at the Detroit track. The colt also had required a tendon he had hurt in Indianapolis two months earlier. Buckley began a series of treatments with witch hazel and ice packs. Half of each day Melvin stood in a pair of orange

rubber whirlpool boots filled with swirling ice water. "I'm really concerned," Buckley told O'Brien. "We only have a few days to cure something that should take 10."

O'Brien was also concerned about his other horse in the Jug, Ambro Nesbit, just then recovering from a quarter crack. "All year long you try to get horses ready for the big race, and then here you are in this shape," he grumbled. When O'Brien worked Melvin's Woe the day before the Jug the colt was so lame he could barely get around the half-mile oval at a slow jog. "Well," said O'Brien, "I'm afraid that's it. I don't even think he'll be able to start. If he does, he'll have to get a lot better between now and tomorrow." At least Ambro Nesbit seemed to be mending nicely.

Dr. Buckley, Assistant Trainer Tom Curaway and Groom Dick Dailey worked over Melvin's Woe through the afternoon while O'Brien raced other



FLYING AROUND THE FINAL TURN IN FIRST HEAT, MELVIN'S WOE LEADS VALIANT BRET (OUTSIDE) AND KEYSTONE SMARTIE (ON RAIL)

horses on Delaware's Grand Circuit program. Melvin stood patiently in his stall. "He seems to know we're trying to help him," Caraway said.

With a long worrisome night still ahead, O'Brien went off to a sale of yearlings in nearby Sunbury, and Buckley packed his bag to fly home to Mentor, Ohio, 150 miles away. He was piloting a Cessna 182 belonging to Ohioan Thurman Downing, the owner of Melvin's Woe (Downing's late father Richard had been the owner of Bret Hanover, sire of Melvin's Woe). Halfway there Buckley decided he wanted another look at the horse, so he turned around and flew back to Delaware.

He had stopped giving internal medication the previous day (if the horse could go, Buckley did not want any drugs showing up in the pre-race tests), and he had left a poultice on the leg. When Buckley got back, Melvin was fussing in the stall. The poultice had caused the leg to get hot and swollen. Another round of ice packs and witch hazel brought the swelling down. Buckley got back in the Cessna, and this time flew all the way home. He tried to sleep but couldn't, so he got up, got back in the plane once again and returned to his patient. The leg was better, and Buckley sat down to the controls of the Cessna for the last time that night. It was one a.m. and a cold wind was beginning to blow across the grounds.

When the crowd began to come into the fairgrounds the next morning a drizzle was falling. Back in town, Buckley put on his windbreaker and a red golf cap and went to look for an x-ray man. O'Brien massaged Melvin's sore leg until Buckley returned with ice. "That guy charged me \$2.75 for one crummy bag," the veterinarian said, "but I didn't even have time to get mad at him."

O'Brien and his group were not the only ones with troubles. Lucien Fontaine, who was to drive Valiant Bret, was stranded in Syracuse because Allegheny Airlines had canceled his flight. He finally got a charter. Johnny Chapman, the driver of J. R. Skipper, was complaining about his ears. He had a bad cold and on a flight out from New York his hearing had gone. Canadian Keith Waples shook his head as he watched his horse, Rob Ron Ritzar, fidget in his stall.

"You never know what he's going to



WITH THE JUG JUGGED: WOE AND JOE

do," Waples said. "He doesn't like the gate and he's liable to come out running. It wouldn't be the first time he's done it." Dick Buxton, an Ohioan with no fewer than three horses in the Jug, explained that his Faraway Bay had to have oxygen about 20 minutes before every race because of the smoke inhalation he had suffered last winter in a barn fire. "He might still be having trouble because of that fire," Buxton said. "He just hasn't done well so far this season."

So many horses (17) had been entered in the \$120,000 race that it was split into two elimination divisions, with the first four finishers in each to come back for another mile. If neither previous winner took that one, a final three-horse race-off would be required. Melvin's Woe was limping when O'Brien took him out on the track for his first warmup. He gimped around at a jog. "He was about like this when we raced in Detroit," said Joe, not without hope. He and Owner Downing decided to "try one heat anyway." Melvin went two slow warmups and waited in the paddock in ice-water bandages.

By race time the track was fast, "as fast as it's ever been," said Curly Smart, the man who oversees its preparation. "Why, we put more water on it with the truck than that little bit of rain did."

What Melvin's Woe looked as he limped out was the opposite of the track—slow. "He'll never make it," said a man by the paddock fence. "Listen," said another, "I was here in '58 when O'Brien won with Shadow Wave, and that horse couldn't walk, either." He could pace, though, and as things turned out so could Melvin's Woe. The first heat was almost a breeze as Melvin and O'Brien swooped around Billy Haughton's Keystone Smartie in the last turn and accelerated into the stretch. At the

wire Melvin's Woe was 2 1/4 lengths ahead of Valiant Bret.

When the colt returned from the winner's circle, Buckley ran into the paddock with the ice-water boots and O'Brien conferred with Downing and his wife, who had come down from the grandstand. "He just might make it for a second heat," O'Brien said. "The time in the boots should help him. Let's wait and see."

Buxton and his long shot Faraway Bay won the second division, defeating, among others, Racci Reenie Time, last year's juvenile champion and winner of two straight heats of the rich Adios Pace in Pennsylvania last month. In a searing stretch drive Faraway Bay came up the middle of the track from fifth place to cross the finish line a length in front of Otaro Hanover, driven by Herve Filion. O'Brien and his other colt, Armbró Nesbit, were another length farther back in third.

There was a long wait until the final heat. By the time it came, Melvin's Woe had been able to stand in his boots for almost two hours. But as the eight colts came out on the track, he was limping again, and as they left the gate it was all O'Brien could do to keep him on the pace. Melvin's Woe quickly tucked into third and shuffled around the first turn, nearly falling. Glen Garmsey, who was catch driving Armbró Nesbit for O'Brien, was in front on the rail at the head of the stretch and it looked as if a race-off might well be necessary, for as Melvin's Woe rounded into the stretch he was boxed in on the rail, seemingly with nowhere to go. But then, with only a few yards remaining, Armbró Nesbit bore out. He had done the same thing in losing the Cane Pace in New York in July. Through the unexpected opening spurred Melvin to beat Armbró Nesbit by a neck.

Back at the O'Brien barn after the victory ceremony, Doc Buckley stood grinning—with tears running down his cheeks. O'Brien was massaging his colt's bad leg and saying he guessed Melvin's Woe had raced enough for the year. And Thurman Downing was listening politely as his wife was telling a bystander, "Well, we used to own part of this little island called Norman's Woe, and we have a friend in Kentucky named Melvin, and..."

END

To the Queen's taste

Sutherland, paradoxically, is one of the most northerly counties of Scotland. There are few people living among the bog, heil and heather; in the coastal town of Brora barely a thousand. But Brora has a salmon and sea-trout river, which will cost you \$625 a month to fish, and the gray stone town has Miss Megan Boyd, decorated by Queen Elizabeth II with the British Empire Medal as the world's best dresser of salmon flies.

If you met Megan Boyd, B.E.M., in the street (which is most unlikely, since she spends most of her time at her fly-tying bench) you would notice her, a woman in her 50s in a man's shirt and tie, loose tweeds and uncompromisingly heavy leather shoes that she resoles herself. "I grudge every penny spent on clothes," she says, which is why she is liable to wear her sister's castoff suits, "but I'll spend any amount on feathers. I love feathers. People send me feathers. I recall one day a lovely parcel arrived, soft and squishy, and I thought, 'How grand, more feathers.' Then I opened it, there was nothing but a scarf from some friends. Such a disappointment."

Megan lives alone in an undistinguished cottage mainly walled and roofed in dark red corrugated iron. She neither has nor wants electricity, telephone or television. She works to the music of steam radio in a shack that is lit and heated by bottled gas. Its cobwebby windows take the full blast of Scotland's east winds, but also give her a full view of the North Sea. Her father was a gillie on a nearby river, but she did not learn her art from him. "He was quite ham-fisted and hadn't the faintest idea of dressing a fly," she says. A keeper named Robert Trussler, at Carrol Rock, began giving her lessons when she was 12. She would cycle three miles to his house, spend several hours learning the intricacies of the Yellow Torrish or the Durham Ranger, have a meal and cycle home.

During the war, after holding numerous odd jobs such as delivering milk, Megan decided to go into business tying salmon flies. She soon had a good trade, having gained customers by word of

mouth. "Never advertise your work," Trussler had told her. "Let your work advertise you." Now, personal orders arrive at her cottage from all over Britain, and from every country where the Atlantic salmon still thrives. Megan herself does not fish and has never even seen one of her flies in the water. "I can't even tie a fly to nylon," she says. "You know, when I hear of the number of fish caught with my flies, at heart I feel like a murderer. So I am very pleased with a letter like this. . . ."

She dives into a pile of envelopes and brings out one from a Dr. Chapman in Milton, Mass. Dr. Chapman does not fish either, but he had seen and admired Megan's craft and wished to own a few other larger-sized creations. "Please select those you think most beautiful for framing," he wrote, and he sent a \$100 check in advance. Megan does not like being paid in advance, so she has gone to the bank, cashed the check and put the money into an envelope with the notation that it is Dr. Chapman's, in case anything should happen to her before the work is completed.

During the salmon season—which in Sutherland extends from February to November—visitors drop in. Sometimes she gets bizarre on-the-spot orders. She remembers a hairy customer who sat in a chair plucking his immensely long eyebrows so that the hairs could be incorporated in the wings of his fly.

A fundamentalist at heart, Megan will refer, in case of need, to only two volumes: G. M. Kelson's *The Salmon Fly*, published in 1895, and T. E. Pryce-Tannant's *How to Dress Salmon Flies*, which appeared in 1914. The latter contains entertaining and helpful hints, such as how the Black Ostrich Herl "can usually be obtained from some fair lady's discarded headgear." Megan has one frivolous customer who pays her an annual visit simply to thumb back through the musty pages of Kelson. When he finds some tremendously old-fashioned fly, like the Bonne Bouche, the Prince's Mixture or the Silver Ardeo, none of which have been used on a salmon river for nearly a century, he commissions her to make it

Most professional flytiers use methods that approach mass production. The order is for, say, a dozen flies of one size and pattern. They first assemble the materials for the bodies and make a dozen bodies. Then they do a dozen hackles, then a dozen wings. Output is much greater that way. But that does not suit Megan Boyd at all. Each fly is an individual creation, built piece by piece in the slim jaws of her vise until the whole magical confection is finished, glowing with color and with not a single feather or fiber out of place.

To watch her tying a Jock Scott is to realize that the age of the proud manual craftsman is not dead. Including the hook and the tying silk, there are 34 pieces to this complicated fly: the wings alone comprise 14 strips and slips of feathers, plus seven more for sides, cheeks, horns and topping. From the first waxing of the silk and hook shank, and the tying-in of the silver tinsel and yellow silk of the tail, through the brightly hued feathers of the Indian crow, the ostrich, the toucan, the turkey, the mallard, the bustard, the peacock, the swan, the blue chattering, the blue macaw, to the final crowning of the whole with a glorious gleaming wave of golden pheasant topping, her fingers are never at a loss for the right silk or tinsel to use next. And suppose the unthinkable happened, and she left out perhaps an eighth of an inch of red-dyed swan wing, or a tuft of toucan? Megan says it probably would catch salmon but it would not be a Jock Scott, nor would it be fully pleasing to her customers, who are sticklers for the ancient traditions of the sport.

The one great mistake Megan Boyd made in her life, she says, was not going down to Buckingham Palace to get her medal from the Queen. Instead, she received it locally from Her Majesty's representative. Various reasons have been given for her not going: that she would have had to dress up, or, worse still, even buy new clothes; that she never wants to go anywhere; that she would have had to leave her aged terror behind. Actually, her real reason for refusing the invitation was her fear that she would fall behind with her work. She did not think that the pressure of work sounded a good enough excuse to turn down a royal invitation, so she blamed her absence on her dog. "As you know," she wrote to the palace, "Her Majesty is very fond of animals. I am sure that she will understand."

END

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Drillable portions of the Outer Continental Shelf add up to more than one million square miles, one-third as large as the total land surface of the "lower 48" states. To date, less

than two percent of this vast area has been leased for drilling. In his Energy Message to Congress on April 18, 1973, President Nixon stated that he has directed the Secretary of the Interior to increase the annual acreage leased, beginning in 1974.

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No penalty for speeding

The world championship for the Tornado—a swift breed of cat that has been made a new Olympic class—belongs to a pair of Californians

Since yachting offers one of the slowest forms of locomotion known to man, pure speed is the least of its attractions. It suffers by comparison with anything swifter than the oxcart. When, on dark and boozy nights, crews of the biggest ocean racers brag about speeds of 16 and 17 knots, they are not only stretching the truth but making claims that leave the layman cold. A runaway shopping cart in a supermarket parking lot can do better. Nevertheless, this month in Canada a world championship regatta was sailed that was distinguished, above all, by its appeal to speed freaks. The boats were catamarans of the Tornado Class—60 of them from nine nations. At times skimming the waters of Lake Ontario at a pace that left powerboats in the spectator fleet far behind, Californians Bruce Harvey and Bruce Stewart won the title for the United States. Somewhat surprisingly, six other finishers in the first 10 were also Americans.

In winds that blew high, low and in between, Harvey and Stewart had only one first, but the rest of their performance—a third, a fifth, a second, a 10th, an eighth and a 16th which could be thrown out—was tops. John Weiser of Hawaii trailed the Californians by a dozen points, while the only entry able to take more than a single first, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Palfreeman of Canada, with two, wound up no better than fourth in the final standings.

Since the Tornado is a new Olympic class, this was a foretaste of what should be an unusually exciting yachting competition in the 1976 Games, which will be sailed off Kingston, Ontario. Viewing the Tornado is by no means like watching grass grow. In a breeze the boat is fast enough to tow a water skier. At a recent one-of-a-kind regatta the Tornado gave a bad beating to the Class A scow, a 38-foot monohull that was until then considered the fastest sailboat afloat. Each of the Tornado's hulls measures but

20 feet. The new cat flies no sprinker; she is too fast for that sail. Indeed, when smoking along on a tight, 20-mile course, as in the Worlds, it takes all of a skipper's skill to avoid ramming clumsy spectator craft or guessing wrong on split-second tactical decisions.

The Tornado owes its speed to stiletto hulls that scalpel waves apart, a tall, aerodynamically clean rig that reminds one of an iceboat and a notable absence of fat. Each hull weighs less than one hundred pounds. The whole cat, which is trailerable, weighs less than 400 pounds.

Tornado sailors tend to be word freaks as well as speed worshippers. At the Worlds there were a *Pair Venue*, a *Split Decision* and a *Pair Amoy-Ya*, the last sailed by race chairman Larry Woods of Hamilton, Ontario. "I sometimes tell people the Tornado will hit 30 miles an hour," says Woods, "but that's a bit high. Actually, anything over 25 you

have to work for." While there was no timing apparatus at this regatta, in England a Tornado has been clocked officially over a measured course at 28.6 mph.

With spars and sails, a new Tornado with hulls of foam-sandwich construction is reasonably priced at \$3,500. Putting one together from a kit costs much less, and basement builders find that the classic predicament will never apply to them; they can ship a hull out a window. Although the class is barely six years old, it numbers some 1,600 boats in 25 countries.

Along with the pleasures of speed and price, the Tornado sailor must accept a few disadvantages. Because of the wide cleavage between the hulls, the boat is sluggish in light airs. But give it a puff of wind and it springs away like a puma. It is not unusual in Tornado racing to have a boat steaming along on top only to fall into a hole in the wind and be passed by half the fleet. Another concern is collisions. When two of these cats hit, it is not just a sorry-old-chap scrape, it tends to be a resounding crash. Then there is the Tornado's slowness in coming about. Novices attempting to tack often find themselves dead in the water, hopelessly in irons. But practice helps. Britain's Reg White (designer of the Tornado's rig), with trapezeman Mike Chapman, can swing from tack to tack in less than five seconds.

continued



WINNERS STEWART AND HARVEY HKE FAR OUT TO KEEP THEIR CAT PURRING ALONG

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The soft smoke from Denmark.

BOATING

The Tornado's worst trait is its habit of turning turtle when it capsizes, the mast and sails pointing straight down. To get one upright again usually takes a powerboat with a tow line to roll it up, either hull over hull or end over end. Only rarely has a crew been able to right a capsize Tornado without aid. One such occurrence came in the Worlds. In the second race a 35-mph howler of a breeze broke some boats, cartwheeled others and capsized more, including the *Screaming Yellow Zowee* sailed by America's Tim and Deanna Taylor. How they got *Zowee* up and going again even the Taylors were not sure about, but right her they did—and were so stimulated that they won the next race.

If the Tornado itself is a relatively unfamiliar breed, so are its sailors. They tend not to be "yachtly." They wear sandals and T-shirts, not the Top-Sider moccasins and Breton-red trousers of the traditional racers. Beer is their drink. Some camp out in tents during big regattas.

For Harvey and Stewart the victory in Canada was a jinx-breaker. Though they had won one national championship in the class during the seven years they have sailed together, they usually were among the also-rans. In their only previous world-championship meet, at Eau Gallie, Fla. in 1970, they placed fourth—and narrowly escaped electrocution. While sailing their boat, *One More Time*, to the starting line they scraped a high-tension wire. "*One More Time* was 59 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ burned up," said Stewart, "but we managed to rebuild her overnight for the next race."

Stewart is a computer marketing executive, Harvey a student at Cal State and a phys. ed. instructor in a Beverly Hills health spa. Stewart tunes the boat, makes tactical decisions and rides the trapeze. Harvey does the steering.

So smooth was their teamwork in Canada that by the last day of the championships they held a commanding lead. To beat them Hawaii's Wesner needed not only to win the race, but to have the Californians finish well down in the pack. Wesner told Stewart his private oracle had revealed where the wind would blow.

"That's O.K.," said Stewart. "Wherever you go, we're going to follow you."

Instead, in light and treacherous air, it was Wesner who did the following. He finished 13th. Harvey and Stewart were a safe eighth—and the speedball champions of the boating world.

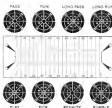
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Attention U.S. pro golfers: on the European tour you will find charm, opulence, Alps, royalty, fine food, rare wine, elegant girls, increasing prize money, your friend Tony Jacklin and yours truly

Arnold And Jack, Wish You Were Here

by DAN JENKINS

CONTINUED

Dear Arnold continued

Hi there, all you guys on the PGA tour with a putter in one hand, the keys to a courtesy car in the other, a practice bag between your knees and a Big Mac in your mouth. How's the dry-cleaning service over by the bowling alley in the shopping center next to the high-rise apartments built around the ice rink? Right there where you turn left on Route 542 at the pancake house on your way to the second round of the \$200,000 Equity Funding Classic at Preston Heaven Golf, Tennis, Dancing & Condominium Sales Country Club, where Bob Barbarossa clings to a one-stroke lead over Forrest Fezler and Artie McNickle? How's it going? I was just sitting here reflecting on things like the Campeonato Internacional Abierto de Golf de España—that translates into the Spanish Open, Arnold—and dwelling on the wine and the sidewalk cafes and the Mediterranean and the whole European golf circuit and, listen, I was wondering if any of your double-knits had come unraveled?

Excuse me a minute. Yes, Anselmo. More wine. It goes well with the jagged coast and the old lighthouse and the hills around Cabo de Palos. The golf is beyond the hills, no? Today they play the golf and tonight they eat the lamb. Is it not true, Anselmo? An Englishman says we must have "sips and dins with the Elegants." Quite fun, he says. What of the Elegants, Anselmo? Is Piero really a count? Was Valentín really a matador? Is Constantine still a king? Who is Coco? Go well, my friend. Go fast and true while I look out at the sea. And don't forget the wine.

This letter could be a problem, seeing as how I tend to daydream. If you get lost now and then, write me in care of Fred Corcoran or Howard Clark, American Express Pro-Ams, somewhere in a TWA holding pattern over Rome or Madrid, and footnotes will be forwarded. It is primarily their fault that I have kept turning up in all these funny places during the past year or so, and why I shall probably be coming back, having been hooked.

"There's no golf in Europe," I told Corcoran and Clark at first. "Europe is for wars, novelists and perfume."

I reminded them that golf is played in Akron, Pensacola, Laurel Valley and Tallahassee. Biarritz was for Napoleon, and Crans-sur-Sienne was for skiers. La Manga was a thing on a tree or a vine, largely eaten by the natives, and Rome was a lot of ruins with pasta machines in the basement.

"Don't give me any of this French Open, Swiss Open, Spanish Open, or Campionato Internazionale Open d'Italia stuff," I said. Which I think is the Italian Open in Berlin.

They only smiled and gave me preferential starting times at the Pro-Ams.

At first it was work. Do you think for a moment that it is easy to tell a Gallardo and a Garido of Spain from a Garasido of France? A Barnos of Spain from a Barras of Switzerland? A Bernardini from a Grappasinni in Italy? A Dorrerstein of Holland from a Kugelmaüller of Germany? Do you think it is easy to talk to a European golf federation president?

A European golf federation president wears a dark suit and tie. Usually his family manufactures something that



everybody in the country needs. In the glass and concrete opulence of the La Manga clubhouse he came up from my blind side.

"Allow me to say that I am Juan Antonio Andreu," he said.

"How do you do?"

"I am the president of the Spanish Golf Federation," he said.

"How do you do?"

"You have come a very long distance for the golf."

"Yes."

"You have come before to Spain?"

"Yes, but not for the golf."

"You have not come for the golf?"

"Yes. Definitely for the golf. But also to look around."

"We are happy everybody has come to Spain for the golf."

"Thank you."

"We are having a good tournament for you, do you think?"

"It seems funny to be in Spain for golf."



In Crans-sur-Sierre the Swiss Open offers pomp and ceremony.

"Golf in Spain is funny?"

"I meant that it is very different for me. Different. Funny—as in funny like my swing."

Most golf conversations make me thirsty. I looked around the room for Ward Wallace, the publicity director of La Manga. He knew how to say "J&B and water" in Spanish. We continued.

"You make the golf joke, no?" asked the man in the suit.

"Not really."

"And so. How do you find our wonderful course here?"

"I asked somebody. They said it was outdoors. Heh, heh."

"The course is very green."

"Yes. La Manga seems to have much water. Water, incidentally, is good for me to have in a drink with Scotch."

"You are here from Scotland?"

"No, no. I'm from New York City."

"I have been to New York."

"Good."

"Now you have been to Spain."

"Yes."

"And so. How did you watch the golf today?"

"I went out to see Antonio Garrido, the defending champion."

"Garrido does not go well this week."

"It was O.K. The man I saw turned out to be Angel Gallardo."

"Ah yes."

"On the other hand, it might have been Jean Garasalde. Heh, heh."

"There are many fine golfers in Europe although some of them do not go well this week."

"Yes."

"Many in Spain now."

"I'm just getting to know them."

"You would like to know them?"

"First, I would like to know how you say J&B in Spanish."

"Jaime? Ah yes. Jaime is Angel Gallardo's brother, Jaime is the plump one."

"That's very helpful."

"And so. How many people do you say watched the golf today?"

"Counting you and me?"

"I would say perhaps a thousand."

"Not quite so many, to be honest."

"Five hundred perhaps."

"Actually less, I would say."

"It was my thought that there were 200 at least following Neil Coles."

"Possibly, if you included those having lunch in the clubhouse."

"Two hundred is very good for the first Spanish Open at La Manga."

"That's interesting."

"We are somewhat remote here and La Manga is new. But we will have the people one day because we are presenting much money."

"If you presented the money to the people, you would have many people, I think. Heh, heh."

"The champion must receive \$8,000 I believe."

"That's very good."

"Do you personally know Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer?"

"Yes."

"And do you personally know Lee Trevino and Tom Weiskopf?"

"Yes."

"You must tell them about Spain."

"I'll tell them about the \$8,000 and the 200 people."

The man in the suit said, "All golfers must like La Manga."

"Yes, La Manga—and Cabo de Palos."

"You know Cabo de Palos?"

"After the golf I go there to sit in the sun and daydream. Also to have a drink."

"What do you prefer to drink?"

"Now that you mention it, if I knew how to say J&B with water and ice, I would drink that."

The president snapped his fingers.

continued

Dear Jack *continued*

"Señor, por favor! Una obla bay con agua seen gas con yelo, por favor."

It sounded like:

"Hold it," I said. "That's ob la bay . . . con agua . . . seen gas . . . con . . ."

"It has been my pleasure for us to have this talk about the golf. You must come many times to Spain for the golf and bring with you Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer."

"Ob la bay, was it? Ob la bay, con gas . . . seen agua . . ."

"I am Juan Antonio Andreu, the president of the Spanish Golf Federation. When you come to Spain, you must inquire of my presence."

"I think this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Let's see. That was ob la bay, con yelo, con gas . . ."

As anyone might guess, golf on the continent of Europe has hardly ever been as popular as building castles or sit-



Leader boards and their penciled-in scores require close study.

ting around. Professional tournament golf dates back only to the first French Open—er . . . *L'Open de France*—held in 1906.

Until recently there had never been any sort of organized European tour. What there had been was a rugged, conflicting, confused, aristocratic, almost secretive schedule that only a few Garridos and Grappasonnis and British journalists knew about. Or, in the distant past, an occasional Walter Hagen and Henry Cotton.

To be honest, the European tour still has several mushes to hit before it can catch up with the Australian tour or the Asian tour or the South African tour or the British tour, much less the American tour, in terms of style, prize money, organization and competitive quality. But all of a sudden things are happening. Europe is trying.

Some evidence:

- A regular Continental tour has been scheduled in two parts, before and after the British Open, none of the events conflicting, and all of them compatible with British PGA tournaments.

- Six events, the opens of France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland and Germany, have become part of the British Order of Merit—part of the British tour, in other words,

helping decide Ryder Cup standings, the Vardon Trophy winner, and entrants in various invitational.

- Six tournaments (some of them the same) now constitute something called the American Express European Order of Merit. These tournaments offer special inducements to the professionals, such as a big pre-am sponsored by American Express and run by Fred Corcoran of World Cup repute, and offering a season's prize to the most consistent player.

- Prize money is increasing. Only this spring the Italian Open and the Spanish Open upped their purses to \$60,000. Others have vowed to follow. With various corporations getting into the act, a race is under way among several federations to host the richest event on the Continent.

- Tony Jacklin, one of the world's best players, has quit the American tour and joined the British and European exclusively, and he is not dominating them, proving there is competition.

The European tour has found a real friend—and draw—in Jacklin. As a former U.S. and British Open champion he can demand (and usually receive) at least \$2,500 in appearance money, plus expenses, from most of the sponsors. He is ahead from the start, as opposed to his plight in America. And with the tournaments being closer to him and travel cheaper, not to mention the increasing purses, his future is even more enhanced.

"I have to play bloody well for months in the U.S. to earn \$100,000," says Jacklin. "And then half of that goes to taxes and expenses. I can make more in Europe and go to more exciting places. In the U.S. every tournament seems like the same place. In Europe everything changes—the scenery, the food, the people, the language and the atmosphere. When the prize money gets even bigger, I think even some American pros are going to discover what I've already discovered. We're definitely moving toward a world tour."

France

It is the summer of '72, which is not a film title. The Basque Coast. Bay of Biscay. Biarritz. As a thoroughgoing hedonist I am wishing they played *L'Open de France* right here in my suite at the Hotel du Palais. It is a castle on a cliff above the Atlantic. From the pool I can look down on the town and the beaches below, and French ladies in brushed jeans that sell for \$100. From my balcony I can see Albert's, a loud, open-air restaurant where it seems waters walk on your table, believing it to be humorous, and where everybody sings, and where, finally, at the end of an evening, furniture or something is thrown onto the sand and sometimes set fire to. At the Hotel du Palais one hurried through dinner nightly in order to have a cognac on the terrace—and watch Albert's burn again.

Ben Wright of the *Financial Times* in London had dined at Albert's and smoldered while a waiter kept time to the music by beating on his table with a stick. He stared off at the first and said to no one:

"If there was only the remotest chance that the odd French waiter could be pitched atop the flame. . . ."

Characters are emerging.

Arthur Crawley-Boevey is everywhere. In his blazer and scarf and cigarette holder and British accent, he seems like the major reason for planting tea in India. The British pros

continued



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The '74 Plymouth Duster. A lot of car for the money. Again.



Space Duster

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After all, isn't a down-to-earth sense of value what made Howard Johnson's famous in the first place?



Dear Arnold continued

call him "Groovy Baby" and "Crawley Boozie." He was their field director on the European tour, and they say he has a liking for pink gin.

"Good show, the Continent," says Arthur. "Do a bit of walking about myself. Bit of history around, mind you."

Jean-Louis (Coco) Dupont is a road company Alain Delon. A Parisian bachelor, Coco has the time and energy to be secretary of the European Golf Federation, and the French Golf Federation as well. Coco has probably done a lot to get the European tour organized. When you say his name swiftly it comes out "Go Go Doo Paw," and sounds like you know French.

I asked Fred Corcoran if Go Go Doo Paw was Mr. Big in European golf.

"He wears a 5½ shoe," said Fred.

I asked Coco the same question.

Coco said, "I must make this worry, you see, about the petty jealousies of our federations. It is not so easy. It is sometimes impossible. But not always. It is something we must do."

Dick Severino is more places at once than Arthur Crawley-Boevey or Coco Dupont. I say Dick Severino is a spy who uses his note pad, his camera and *Golf World* as cover. Besides, he lives in Beirut.

Severino is a busy man who wears the golf cup of the tournament he is covering. He has an amband and a personal card that says "Golf Correspondent." He has a camera around his neck and a clipboard. He is athletic looking and fast talking.

"Great city, Beirut," he says. "I can go either way there. I can whip down to Alexandria or over to New Delhi. The Six-Day War? I played golf every day." Severino knows everybody on the European tour, or any other tour. He knows Hugh Buooccha of South Africa and Baldovino Dassia of Italy. He knows Philippe Toussaint of Belgium and Manuel Ballesteros of Spain. He knows Simon Hobday of Rhodesia and Mohammed Said Moussa of Egypt. He knows Vicente Fernandez of Argentina and Guy Wolstenholme of Australia. He not only knows them, he can talk to them.

"Watch this kid Dassia," says Dick Severino.

I have finally found L'Open de France. It is at a club called La Nivelles, and it is not a golf tournament. It is a garden party.

La Nivelles is a miniature golf club of 5,758 yards, par 69. It is surrounded by miniature whitewashed villas with red-tile roofs. A street named Mawzy borders the course. It is named after Arnaud Mawzy, who came from Biarritz and won the first French Open, and who, in fact, remains the only Continental ever to win the British Open. A few people are standing around eating sandwiches. Golfers are trudging up the 18th fairway pulling carts. Two elderly ladies are sitting on a bench. A soldier is asleep under a tree. Fred Corcoran is looking for a photographer.

"The prime minister is here," says Fred.

"Good," I answer. "Maybe he can tell us where the French Open is."

Wait a minute. Here comes an American off the 18th. It has to be an American because his sweater is new. It looks like Barry Jaeckel, out of L.A. Not a bad young player. What's he doing here? If he weren't pulling his own cart and drinking a Pepsi, I'd swear it was Barry Jaeckel.

"What are you doing here?" he asks.

"I was going to ask you that," I said.

"I don't know, man. I just paid my \$15 and teed off," says Barry.

"How do you stand?"

"O.K., I guess. I just shot 63. Where's a good place to eat?"

In several different languages the press wants to know who Barry Jaeckel is, and he has left in a taxi. I am interviewed. I know the only player in the tournament Dick Severino doesn't know, and he's leading.

Barry Jaeckel, 23, son of the actor Richard Jaeckel, who used to play the baby-faced lad who got killed a lot in all those war movies. Caddied for Dean Martin, drove his golf cart. Martin sponsors him. Hasn't made the PGA school yet. Over here getting practice. Doesn't know that Walter Hagen and Byron Nelson are the only Americans who ever won the French Open.

It's Sunday, the last round. It must be because there's a cocktail party under some trees. Barry Jaeckel has a caddy, seeing as how he is in contention with some known quantities: Peter Oosterhuis, Brian Barnes, Clive Clark and Roberto Bernardini. Pretty French girls are passing out free cigarettes. They wear brushed jeans that cost eight million dollars in a local boutique. Fred Corcoran and Dick Severino are looking for each other.

Barry Jaeckel finishes birdie-par to tie Clive Clark for the French Open. They go to sudden death and Barry Jaeckel hits an iron six feet from the cup, sinks it for a birdie and wins. Walter Hagen, Byron Nelson and Barry Jaeckel.

"Dean Martin will love that," smiles Barry.

Is he going to the Swiss Open?

"Do they have one?"

Switzerland

Crans-sur-Sierre. High in the Alps overlooking the Rhone Valley. Postcard land. A good course, leaping from Alp to Alp. Almost 7,000 yards, good condition, par 71. I don't really want to play in the American Express Pro-Am because I'm afraid I'll fall off.

Fred Corcoran, however, just happens to have a set of clubs, a preferential starting time, and a pairing with Barry Jaeckel and Jean-Claude Killy. I can play in my loafers. On the tee. The French Open champion, the ski racer and the idiot. Fred is looking for a photographer.

"It's at least 10,000 feet from here down to Geneva, Fred. I'm not swinging hard at any sidehill lies."

"I golf like you ski," says Jean-Claude.

We don't win.

The Swiss Open is guarded jealously by Crans-sur-Sierre, which has always held it. A couple of families named Baras and Bonvin, who seem to own all the hotels and raclette and fondue in the village, see that it runs perfectly.

A band is marching through town wearing leather skirts, another cocktail party has started, seven watchmakers in black suits are making speeches, everybody is getting a trophy for simply showing up—and the tournament hasn't begun yet.

In case the press doesn't know where the Matterhorn is, or where to find the best raclette, somebody named John Allatini is around to help. He is an expatriate Yorkshire-

continued

Dear Jack (continued)

man of private means who says he greatly enjoys "having sips and dms with the Elegantes."

The tournament begins, and compared to France the galleries are enormous. Everybody follows Tony Jacklin for four rounds while Graham Marsh, an Australian, wins.

"Watch this kid Marsh," says Dick Severino.

Spain

Spring of '73. La Manga Campo de Golf Costa Blanca. An hour's flight and another hour's drive from Madrid. The Spanish coast is exploding with Fort Lauderdale condominiums and California developers. One day everything will be air-conditioned from Valencia to Gibraltar.

La Manga Campo de Golf is startling. In the midst of nowhere, tucked against some parched brown hills, looking out at the blue sea, a fortress looms. Inside, multiple levels of glass, carpet and porches. La Manga sticks out like gun placements above elegant apartments hidden below like ammunition bunkers. Bars, cafes, sun decks, verandas, shops and fireplaces are here, over there, down this way, up there, around the corner. And always a view of the Mediterranean gleaming beyond the golf course stretching out in the valley below.

La Manga's American owner, Greg Peters, has flown in his props, like a movie studio. Three thousand palm trees line the fairways of La Manga's 36 holes, standing guard over 14 artificial lakes, six-inch rough, and fairways about 30 yards wide. Is the big barranca cutting across the middle of it a natural wonder or was it flown in as well?

The rise of the Spanish professional is well timed with the bursting forth of golf interest and golf architecture in his country. Robert Trent Jones got there first with Sotogrande and then Nueva Andalucia at Marbella (where the World Cup will be played in November), but now there's La Manga, and even Jack Nicklaus is designing a course outside of Madrid. Meanwhile on the European circuit, only the British play consistently better as a group than the Spanish. If the Spanish are coming in swarms, the British think they know why. Some of the Spanish have Portuguese caddies who, they say, can improve a nifty lie with their bare feet. It makes the Portuguese Open sound intriguing, at least. *Uno bardo con fast, p.e. favor.*

La Manga is set up for the British. The wind is making the course play long, to its full par of 72. The rough is too deep for a Spaniard's flat swing, or even a Portuguese foot. Besides, the British know where to eat. Over in Cabo de Palos in an old house, El Cortijo. Exquisite lamb, roasted before your very eyes. And they know where to drink.

Neil Coles, who drives to tournaments on the Continent, who has a clerical exterior and Charles Dickens hair, is well in control. Other British follow: Jacklin, Craig De Foy, Peter Butler, Brian Barnes, Maurice Bembridge.

Coles wins at 282. A fine, underrated player, and a gentleman. Only one Spaniard, Jaime Benito, breaks 200.

"We've crushed the Armada," says Crawley-Boevey.

Italy

The Rome Golf Club at Acquasanta. Along the Appian Way. A horizon punctuated by ruins. Hilly terrain amid the old aqueduct. Smothered in charm, class, scenery, cuisine, and assorted Elegantes.

Big money is up. There's \$17,250 for the winner, the highest purse ever offered on the Continent. A man named S. M. Constantino is entered in the American Express Pro-Am. So is a lady addressed as Marchesa Avril Rangoni-Machauvella. They are paired with Jacklin, with Queen Anne-Marie in the gallery, and if Fred Corcoran can't find a photographer soon, he may kill somebody.

Italian Golf Federation officials wear gray suits, dark glasses and suede shoes. They whisper a lot with Count Piero Mancinelli, a golf-course engineer, until recently the manager of Italy's future hope, Baldovino Dassi, and the publisher of a magazine called *Golf Selezione*.

Piero looks sniveler enough to be a real count, but he is a kind man. He steals his way around softly, and holds his cigarette like a double agent, but he drinks like an American. And he has cared about golf in Italy, almost single-handedly, through the years.

Piero says, "We are in a position to make the Italian Open the biggest and best on the Continent. How do we get more Americans?"

"Tell their wives about the Via Condotti, and tell them about the food at Sabatini's."

"This week we are up against the Tournament of Champions," Piero says. "These are bad dates. But there are no good ones. Last week it would have been Pensaicola."

"That's bad?"

Acquasanta is a tremendous golf course. Only 6,515 yards, par 70, dating back to 1903, but it is as tricky as can be, sloping away here and there, narrow, demanding, optional—a Roman Merion.

"Nobody is going to break 280," says Jacklin, "and I've got the king of Greece on my side." Constantino is following Jacklin's every shot, dashing to scoreboards for information on the leaders, telling him jokes and stuffing him with caviar nightly.

All of the names are up front, and the crowds are large. The weather is gorgeous and the course, surrounded by those ruins, is haunting. It's Sunday and Jacklin is battling Peter Oosterhuis, the glamorous Valentin Barrios a former mador, and France's Jean Garauide. The king is sweating.

He delivers the news. Oosterhuis has faded. Barrios has bogeyed the last two holes. Garauide has bogeyed the last two holes. Tony needs a closing par 4 for 284 and victory. The 18th is a long hole, uphill, 433 yards. Jacklin drives nicely but his second misses the green. Great chip, four feet.

"If the little beggar misses this, I'm going deeper into exile than the king," says Ben Wright. "My story's already written."

The putt drops.

Everybody is at the bar. Jacklin is buying drinks for whoever stops by. I think Piero and I are buying drinks for a king and perhaps a marchesa or two. Arthur Crawley-Boevey wants to walk to the Colosseum. Dick Severino needs a ride to the airport.

"And so, my friend," says Piero, "you have been to Biarritz and to Crans. Also to La Manga and Rome. And Portugal, too?"

"I haven't seen a Portuguese Open, if you mean that."

Piero throws up his hands.

"My dear chap," he says. "You haven't seen anything yet."

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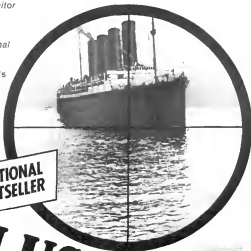
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by JOE JARES

NL WEST Even with Catcher John Bench benched because of a rim-in with an umpire, the Reds still proved themselves the masters of Los Angeles, beating the Dodgers 4-1 and 11-9 and forcing L.A. Pitcher Don Sutton to admit, "The Cincinnati Reds are the best team." The Dodgers sprinted into the Cincinnati series after taking two from the Giants and two from the Braves, but the Reds stole their starting blocks. Cincy outfielder Pete Rose, a cinch for the league batting title and a strong candidate for MVP, got his 225th hit. He broke a club mark of 219 set in 1905 and the league mark by a switch-hitter of 223 set by Frankie Frisch in 1923.

Manager Sparky Anderson continued to do magical things with the Reds' lineup. George Foster, who had gone hitless in eight at-bats early in the week, was rested a day and then got six hits in seven trips in two games, including three home runs. Foster revealed he had undergone hypnotic treatment. "I learned I was carrying too much hatred and resentment inside of me about not playing," he said. "Now only the future counts."

The Giants beat the Reds 7-5, giving Ron Bryant his 23rd victory and making him the winningest lefty in the club's last 17 years (Earl Hahnel won 26 in 1936). "I'm not getting my hopes up about the Cy Young Award," said Bryant. "A lot of people said I'd be in the All-Star Game, too, and I wasn't." Another happy fellow on the club was Pitcher Randy Moffitt, who won a load of 52 wages on his tennis-champion sister Billie Jean King to beat Riggs.

The Braves' Henry Aaron fished his career home-run total to 712 against the Astros Saturday, just two short of tying Babe Ruth's record. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn invited Aaron to throw out the first ball at the World Series Houston Pitcher Don Wilson, who has had a pretty good season following 178 hits in 230 innings, is the subject of trade rumors. The Padres, 3-5 for the week, were in a state of confusion, not knowing what city they were going to be in next year and not even being sure when this dreary season would end for them. They may have to fly to Pittsburgh for an Oct. 1 make-up game if it would influence the race.

CIN 66-58 LA 82-66 SF 86-66
NOUS 76-78 ATL 74-82 SD 57-66

they discover how to play baseball."

The Phils' Steve Carlton (12-19) muffed the Cardinals 3-2 by scattering 10 hits. "The incentive was that I was going for my 20th loss," said Carlton. "Well, I wasn't going for it but I was vulnerable, you know what I mean?" Manager Danny Ozark was released for 1974.

The Cards' Rick Wise won his first game in almost two months, beating the Phils 12-3. He had lost six straight.

NY 70-77 PIT 76-78 MONT 75-78
ST. L 78-76 CRI 70-78 PHIL 68-87

AL WEST Catfish Humer of the A's became a 20-game winner for the third straight year, beating the Angels 5-4, but Oakland got some bad news, too, while it waited for the playoffs. Bill North, who had stolen 54 bases, suffered a severe ankle sprain and there is concern over whether he will be ready for Baltimore. Manager Dick Williams is also worried about getting Reggie Jackson completely healthy from a severe groin muscle pull.

The White Sox had the big leagues' first 20-game winner this season, Wilbur Wood, and now it has the first 20-game loser, Stan Bahnsen, who gave up five runs in the first inning in a 9-3 loss to the A's. Wood might also reach that unhappy plateau, he has 19 losses to go with his 28 wins.

The Royals momentarily staved off elimination from the race Saturday when Rick Reuschardt hit a two-run homer in the late of the 14th inning for a 5-3 win over Texas. Shortstop Fred Patek, mired in the vicinity of 225 most of the season, drove in four runs as Kansas City routed the White Sox 10-3.

Minnesota lost to Vida Blue, then took three straight from Oakland, giving the Twins an 11-4 season edge over the A's. Said Manager Frank Quilici, who has been released for 1974, "If we could have played Oakland all year, we might have been in a battle for first place instead of struggling for third."

Only 2,513 fans showed up to see young David Clyde pitch for the Rangers Friday afternoon. Texas lost to California 6-1, but the rookie lasted 8½ innings, and just three of the runs were earned. The Rangers were 3-6 for the week. The Angels' Nolan Ryan continued his hot pitching, sinking out seven Rangers and pushing his season total to 355. During the week he broke Bob Feller's all-time American League sinkout record of 348. He also improved his win-loss record to 19-16.

OAK 61-64 KC 84-71 MINN 77-77
CRI 75-80 CAL 70-81 TEX 84-101

AL EAST Al Bumbry tied a 34-year-old league record by hitting three triples, and Tommy Davis went 4 for 5 as the Orioles clinched the division title with a 7-1 victory over Milwaukee. It was their fourth division championship in five years. "I felt all along we had the best talent and today we proved it," said General Manager Frank Cashen. "Earl Weaver is the guy I'm particularly happy for. He stuck with guys like Earl Williams and Brooks Robinson earlier in the year when they were going bad, and he was vindicated." Said Weaver, "The team we have now is capable of winning six divisional titles in the next 10 years—easy. That would make 10 in 15 years, and if anyone doesn't think that's a dynasty." After a modest pause Weaver continued, "Winning this title is like 70 all over again, because we've got so many kids on the team who haven't gone through it before."

Tommy Harper stole his 49th base Saturday for second-place Boston, but the talk in the Hub was more about the possibility of Manager Eddie Kasko being replaced by Darrell Johnson, whose Pawtucket Red Sox won the Junior World Series from Tulsa Ken Ayromonte will stay on as Cleveland's manager, but Coaches Rocky Colavito, Joe Lutz and Warren Spahn will be replaced. Ev-Indian hero Colavito hopes to get back into TV work.

Milwaukee's Don Money raised his average to .286 and brought big smiles to the faces of Manager Del Crandall and the rest of the Brewers, who have been criticized for tearing apart their pitching staff in the trade that brought Money from the Phillies. As late as June 16 of this season, Money was batting .177, if that is the word, 198 Crandall not only raised about his hitting, but his throwing and base running, too.

The Yankees were 1-5 for the week, and it might have been worse except for two days off. Boston beat them twice in Fenway Park and upped its season record against New York to 14-4 (8-1 in Fenway). Tiger John Hiltner, who suffered a heart attack early in 1971, broke Clay Carroll's major league record for saves with his 38th, holding off the Red Sox for 3½ innings in a 3-1 game. He has figured in 47 of Detroit's 82 wins. "Just coming back was the big thing," says Hiltner. "I figured anything I could do after that was a plus I had no right to expect." Al Kaline, out of the lineup since Aug. 30 because of a muscle pull, returned Friday and hit a homer in his first game up. He also got two doubles on Saturday.

BAL 82-82 BOST 85-71 DET 83-79
NY 78-76 MIL 72-82 CLE 88-88

NL EAST Chicago, feasting on Montreal, finished the week only 2½ games out in the division race (page 26), prompting Expo Ron Farenly to comment, "The Cubs were eight games in front and couldn't do anything. They turn around and go five games behind and

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 17-23

BASEBALL—The International League **PAWTHUCKERS** of Roanoke defeated the American Association's Tulsa Oilers four games to one to win the Texas World Series. Pawthuckers is a Boston team in 1991. Tulsa belongs to St. Louis.

BOATING—World water-skiing champion **JOSE NAPOLES** returned again after a 15-month absence from the Kijito Cup of Canada at the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto.

PRO FOOTBALL—The passing of Jim Farris and the running of George Anderson gave the Rams a 14-21 upset victory over Washington. Farris started the Cardinals back from a 10-7 deficit early in the second half, throwing for a touchdown, to Anderson, and setting up two Jim Bakken field goals. A critical Don Wy and Rodden High Mail Kers had a 75-yard kickoff return in the second half. Baltimore put Joe Nantz in out of the game, who is wanted short of his last between Eric Cudd Quarterback. Ben Jones and Marty Davies took great interceptions and managed to lose to the first 10 Seahawks. At Wendell completed 17 of 21 passes for 148 yards and a 31-point second half. Eagle Quarterback Roman Gabriel could not bring back watch helpfully in Pete Gogalik. Sacked the Rams from a 23-21 tie in the final second of play. Gabriel had just Philadelphia added two third runs (evaded) with a 16-yard pass to Harold Carmichael but Norm Stewart managed to move New York close enough for Greg Elgley's 14-yard interception. Norman NFL veteran James Johnson of Cincinnati set a personal running high with 131 yards as the Bengals handed Houston an 8th straight defeat. The Oilers began spectacularly with a 100-yard kickoff return by Bub Graham but that was the end of that story. Kansas City could only manage a 10-7 victory over New England, despite a Patriot failure several costly penalties, an interception and a 15-yard sack of Patriot Quarterback John Flacco. Pittsburgh kicker Roy Green booted four field goals and Frank Lewis scored two touchdowns in the Steelers' win over Cleveland 31-6. Green hit a 40-yard field goal in a 13-11 drive and Minnesota back Chicago 22-11 with Chuck Fomon's passing 136 yards in 18 carries.

Upton were not content with a 10-7 victory. Oakland stepped Miami's regular season streak at 18 with a 12-1 win over the Dolphins. Tom Landry and two second field goal attempts by Gary Zimmerman kept the 1971 Super Bowl victors off the scoreboard until only 1:07 was left and Ben Green finally threw a successful 77-yard scoring pass to Tuffy End Jim Mandala. The only gain for the Redskins was—who else?—lovable old George Blanda, who kicked four field goals and scored all the Raider points in his 30th professional game. Across the Bay, neighbor San Francisco looked out to Denver with a 16-34 win on a 29-yard field goal in the last 26 seconds.

odds. It was Roger Connors' fifth successful three-point shot of the day as the Oilers led by John Brier, scored 20 straight points to come from behind in the second quarter. Eric McCormack, three of which were named into TDI also scored. Los Angeles defeated Atlanta 31-9, the first shutout by the home team in the Rams' 27-year history. It was their big front four, the Rams, finished the same year that week-end. New Orleans 62-7 last week to set two first downs in the first quarter. The Falcons did not get their first until 7:39 of the third quarter. Completing the triumph of the West, San Diego pulled Buffalo 14-7. Jerry Lingo was on the field for the Chargers, passing for two TDs, including a 26-yarder to Walt Garrison. Ron Smith contributed to the rest with a 75-yard punt return for a touchdown.

GOLF—For the eighth straight time the U.S. defeated Great Britain and Ireland and took home the Ryder Cup. The teams were tied 8-8 at the start of the final day in Montreux, Scotland, but the U.S. won nine of the last 16 matches and tied four others. Five-time Walker Cup winner **BILL REYNOLDS** of Washington Valley, Pa. was his first LPGA Senior title, defeating Henry North of Salisbury, N.C. 3 and 2 at Lake Forest III.

KATHY WHITBROT took the rain-shortened Portland LPGA Golf Classic with a two-stroke par 144. Sandra Palmer was two strokes behind in second place.

HARVEST RACING—Joe O'Brien drove **MELVIN'S** No. 60 to victory in racing's \$120,000 Little Brown Jug at the Delaware (Ohio) County Fairgrounds (Sept. 18).

HORSE RACING—**TALKING PICTURE** (3:40) with Bob Taveler, Jr., captured the \$11,750 Matron Stakes by a head over Danziger at Belvedere Park.

MOTOR SPORTS—Although the result was not on record and five minutes after the scheduled start, **PHILIP KILGUS** won the debut of the Canadian Grand Prix at Mosport, Ontario. Jody Scheckler and Francois Cerretti eliminated each other by crashing in a tangled race further continued by rain. Emerson Fittipaldi came in second. The win was \$25,000 for Ken McLaren's Renault.

BOBBY ALLISON edged Richard Petty by 1.5 seconds to win the Miller 400 at North Wilkesboro N.C. Driving a Chevrolet, Allison averaged 95.08 mph.

RENTATHLON—East Germany's **BLUGLEND**, POLAR, 100m but own world record as she finished 4:51.2 points in the women's pentathlon at the

Europe Cup meet in Bonn, beating her two-time world mark by 301 points.

TEENIE—**BILLIE JEAN KING** dropped off Bobby Riggs and victory related questions 6-4, 6-3, 6-1 in the Houston Astro-turf (Sept. 20).

Meanwhile, Australian star **EVONNE GOOLACRING** signed with the Pittsburgh Triangles of the World Tennis League, joining King and co-tennisman John Newcombe.

JIMMY CONNOR held off Tom Oakes 3-5, 6-4 for the \$75,000 Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles. In the quarterfinal Connors had upset the No. 1 seed Stan Smith.

WRESTLING—Bulgarian **ATANAS KIRKOV** led a world-round 92.7 pounds in the bantam weight division in the world championship in Havana. He had 324.5 pounds in the clean and jerk and 240 in the snatch.

MILEPOSTS—**ANNOUNCED**: One day before his 54th birthday, 1973, in the National League East, the retirement of **WILLIE MAZE**, 42, at the end of the 1973 season. Reached with 26 seasons two weeks ago, he stated, "This is it, but I'd be happy to do it to make some contribution to New York's pennant race. This season he led 211 with no home runs—giving him a career total of 660, third highest in baseball history.

AWARDED: To Indianapolis a World Hockey Association franchise for the 1974-75 season, for a reported \$2 million. The team will be owned by a subsidiary of Indiana Professional Sports Inc., owners of the ABA Indiana Pacers.

FIRE: As general manager of the NBA Philadelphia Stars, **JOHN DIJARRIGS**, 31 after three years and an \$8-100 record, including five seasons 9-72 and a record-breaking 26-game losing streak.

SAMEO: As head coach of the University of Oklahoma basketball team, Kansas State assistant **JOE RAMSEY**, 30.

PHINALIZED: By the NCAA, sex football recruiting violation. **COLORADO** and **OKLAHOMA** Colorado was placed on a one-year probation. Oklahoma was placed on a two-year probation and barred from postseason game appearances in 1975 and 1976.

DIED **JOHN H. BAKER**, 78, widely known commentator and narrator and former chief executive of the National Audubon Society, in Bedford, Mass. During his 25-year leadership the society increased its membership tenfold, acquired wildlife sanctuaries and helped establish the Everglades National Park in Florida.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



SHERRI LYNN GRAHAM, 8, of Salem, Va., set a state age-group record for 12-and-under in the 800-yard run with a clocking of 2:49.0 in a meet at Roanoke College. In the same meet she also placed first in the 50- and 100-yard dashes and the long jump.



BILL BLAKELY, 77, won his fourth Oregon Seniors Golf championship with a score of two and one in match play at Washington. A Portland resident, he has also earned six Northwest Senior titles and was a finalist in the National Seniors tournament in 1962.



JOE HIGHT, a high school senior from Dallas, was named MVP of the Texas All-Star Soccer team, the Texas Longhorns Towing England, the Texans won five and tied one, with Hight, a goalie, allowing only two goals. The Longhorns lost their seventh match 3-1.



JOAN AND LLOYD OSBORNE, of Kansas, have won, were named All-America Master Swimmers, the only husband and wife team ever to achieve the honor. Competing in the National AAU Masters Long Course championships in Chicago, Joan set records in the 50-, 100- and 200-meter freestyle in the 55-59 age division. Lloyd, in the 60-64 age group, won the 200-, 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle, setting new marks in the latter two events. At the National Short Course championships earlier this year, the Osbornes won five events between them.



KATHY MAY, 17, of Beverly Hills, Calif., won the Plinkers Penrose Most Outstanding Junior Award as top junior tennis player at the U.S. Open. She also holds the National Junior Girls' Clay Court title and won the St. Louis Invitational singles crown in July.

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MEXICO

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NATURE OF THE GAME Sirs:

Thank you for a solid pro football issue (Sept. 17). Good, progressive thinking is the stimulus the game needs to prevent stagnation of the kind that numerous writers and fans have attributed to baseball, and in his article *No Boo-Boos Makes for Ho-Hum Tex* Maule is attempting to provide just that.

In a prior issue Maule stated that a field goal is tantamount to awarding a team points for failing to move the ball. That is closer to the truth than any other written statement on the subject. There is nothing more disappointing than watching a team win by a field goal in a game's last 60 seconds, erasing 59 minutes of good football. Possibly the play should be done away with altogether. As for Maule's other proposals, they are excitingly interesting and deserve serious consideration from the team owners. The fans can only hope that the owners will follow up with positive action.

RONALD W. BEACON

Cockeysville, Md.

Sirs:

Despite his predictable pick of Dallas as No. 1 in the NFC East, Tex Maule's pro football preview was interesting and incisive. It is unfortunate that the critics of the lifting of the TV blackout don't look at that issue from Maule's point of view. Granted there may be a revenue loss for the owners due to the new law. However, this may be precisely what is needed to get the reactionary NFL owners moving toward some of the changes Maule suggests. These changes would help ensure that people with tickets would not stay home.

JAMES WEIGLEY

New York City

Sirs:

I enjoyed Tex Maule's article, but I disagree with his proposed changes to hype up the pro passing game. A zone defense (or a specialized defense such as the 53) makes it difficult to complete anything but short passes because it increases the necessity for accuracy. Nonetheless, a great quarterback on a good day and with adequate pass protection can defeat a zone or a specialized defense even if it includes 13 cornerbacks. Joe Namath, Bob Griese, John Hadl and others have demonstrated this. The answer, then, is in the development in college ranks of above-average passers and pass protectors. The college game at present, however, is geared toward the running game, and the Wishbone in particular. Even colleges that traditionally have produced exceptional passers, such as Alabama, Notre Dame and Purdue, are now emphasizing the running at-

tack. The immediate effect will be to produce more running quarterbacks like Bobby Douglass.

To suggest that the colleges institute rule changes to increase passing is futile, since the NCAA considers itself to be anything but a minor league for the NFL. So the only genuine solution seems to be time. The colleges will, of necessity, develop defenses against the Wishbone and the ground game. The offense will, in turn, develop more and better passers to meet the challenge. The situation in the pros will then rectify itself. Any rule change in the pro game now may only create a monster. In the meantime, unfortunately, we must get used to four-yard passes on third and 30 from midfield.

MURRAY SLOVICK

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sirs:

Field goals may be boring, as Tex Maule says, but they are certainly more interesting than punts. And other things being equal, the longer the attempt, the more interesting the field goal. Maule's suggestions would totally eliminate the long field goal and replace it with the punt into the end zone, because teams would never risk giving up the ball near midfield. At the same time, starting every play midway between the sidelines will pressure coaches to go for the short field goal instead of the touchdown in the fourth-and-goal situations, because if the touchdown fails the coach no longer will have the postgame alibi of "the bad angle" precluding a sure three points.

I suggest a change in the roughing-the-passer rule to give the dropback passer the protection now enjoyed by the punter: if the defense does not get to the quarterback before he throws the ball, it cannot touch him unless it gets a piece of the ball in the air, if the quarterback rolls out or scrambles, he loses his special protection, and ordinary roughing rules apply. This would give the passer an extra second, enough to consistently beat any defense. It would also cut down on stunts to star attractions like Joe Namath, Bob Griese and Roger Staubach—the only other threat to pro football's continued prosperity.

RAY WILSON

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

There may be a third remedy for "the cheap shot from the 50-yard line." Why not a three-point deduction for an unsuccessful field-goal attempt? The Serbian's leg would be prudently used, and the attempt could be as exciting as a goal-line stand.

HARVEY FIRARI

Culver, Ind.

COMIC RELIEF

Sirs:

For several months now I have been nosing with increasing irritation your downgrading of an otherwise superb magazine with stupid, infantile cartoons. Each year I look forward to your college and pro football issues—annually your best and, in former days, including colorful photographs with the text. So what do I see on page 50 of the Sept. 17 issue? A huge, hideous "drawing" far more in keeping with *Disgusting Comics* than the top-rated sports magazine in America. Ugh! The entire article was almost ruined. But wait—with mounting nausea I found on ensuing pages not one or two but 12 more of these monstrosities. Unbelievable.

This acre of space could have been utilized a thousand times more effectively and artistically with an equal number of photographs of the pro stars.

NEIL H. SHREVE

Fairmont, W. Va.

Sirs:

The illustrations that accompanied your pro football reports were great. They depicted the game in a way that was funny and, considering some of the current attitudes in the sport, delightfully satirical. Thanks for a good laugh.

MICHAEL GREENE

Berwyn, Ill.

ROSY OUTLOOK

Sirs:

I want to congratulate William Leggett on a smashing article on Pete Rose (*They Never Protested a Rose Garden*, Sept. 17). I have been waiting all year for a good story about the Cincinnati Reds and now I have finally got it.

MIKE LEAL

Grafton, Ohio

Sirs:

I really enjoyed your article on Pete Rose. I have read his book and followed him for many years. He is the most dedicated man in baseball. If he keeps hustling and hitting at the same pace, the Reds surely will be in the World Series.

TONY TRUETT JR.

Savannah, Ga.

MEDICINE HAT TRICK

Sirs:

Now that hockey season is approaching, I'd like to draw your attention to a remarkable team. The Medicine Hat Tigers from Medicine Hat, Alberta are members of the Junior A Western Canada Hockey League. After only three short years in the league, they managed to make their way to the

continued

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